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VOL. XVII. GETTYSBURG, PA. MONDAY, JUNE 3, 1833. NO. 31.

POETRY.

THE BELIEVER'S TRIUMPH.

The good man's hope, is laid far, far beyond
The sway of tempests or the furious sweep
Of moral desolation.—He beholds,
Unapprehensive, the gigantic stride
Of rampant ruin, or the unstable wave
Of dark vicissitude. Even in death,
In that dread hour, when with a giant pang,
Tearing the tender fibres of the heart,
The immortal spirit struggles to be free,
Then, even then, that hope forsakes him not,
For it exists beyond the narrow verge
Of the cold sepulchre. The petty joys
Of fleeting life indignantly it spurn'd
And rested on the bosom of its God.
This is man's only reasonable hope,
And 'tis a hope which, cherish'd in the breast,
Shall not be disappointed. Even he,
The Holy One—Almighty—who elanced
The rolling world along its airy way,
Even He will deign to smile upon the good,
And welcome him to those celestial seats,
Where joy and gladness hold their changeless
reign.

SEDUCTION.

Accursed be he whose guileful tongue
Can wrong a woman's captive heart—
That fount from which has sweetly sprung
The joys it could alone impart—
Can turn that fount to grief and gall,
And poison her existence all!

Accursed be he whose lips can press
A woman's lips of sinless glow,
Yet leave them 'mid her happiness,
To pour the lonely plaint of wo,
That from the midnight shadows drear,
Is wafted to no human ear!

Accursed be he, who twines his arms
Around a woman's melting form,
Yet leaves her praised and peerless charms
A prey to sorrow's canker worm—
Like lovely flowers that pass away
Even in the sunbright month of May!

Accursed be he—ay, may he pass
Along the turf where she is laid,
Yet 'mid the rank and waving grass
A couchant serpent shall be laid,
That will a sting of conscience dart,
To wither up his perjured heart!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New-York Constellation.

SCORNFUL MOLLY GRAY.

While proud young women are waiting for a splendid match, and rejecting good offers, in hopes of getting better ones, they not unfrequently overstand their market; and in the end are fain to accept of any offer they can get, in order to avoid what they consider the more dreadful alternative of living and dying old maids.

Molly Gray, of Toppingtown, was a very pretty lass, and a very proud one.—She was the seventh daughter of deacon Nehemiah Gray, a moderate farmer, who, to tax his ability to the utmost, could not give his daughters each a setting out exceeding two hundred dollars. Her six sisters had all married respectable farmers and mechanics, and were well to do in the world. But Molly, who was the beauty and pride of the family, resolved to look a little higher than her sisters. She would not take up with the humdrum fellers—the farmers and mechanics of Toppingtown—not she. She wondered that her sisters had no more respect for themselves than to marry such coarse unmannerly critters. For her part, she meant to have a man that was somebody.

Before she was fairly eighteen, she began to be wooed. Her beauty, the respectability of the Deacon's wife, and indeed the whole family, early procured her plenty of suitors. But they were not to Miss Molly's taste; and though she felt some little vanity in being wooed, even by farmers and mechanics, she was not to be thus won.

Her first lover was Joshua Ploughshare. He was a sober, industrious, moral young man, of twenty-three, well to live, and resolved on getting a wife. He was quite taken with Molly Gray, insomuch that he never passed her in the street, or saw her at church, but his heart beat as though it would fly out of his jacket.

"She's an all fired handsome gal, that,' said he to himself, 'and if I could only marry her, I should be the happiest feller in all Toppingtown.'

Indeed Joshua was so smitten with the Deacon's pretty daughter, that he thought of little else day and night. He dreamt of her beauty when asleep and mused upon her charms when awake. Sometimes when driving his oxen, and thinking of his love, he could exclaim—'Come hither Molly!' meaning *Berry*, the name of his near ox. And he called a favorite bay filly after the name of the Deacon's daughter.

The operations of his heart had an effect upon his outside; and he took uncommon pains to appear spruce at church, at evening parties, and wherever there was the least probability of meeting with his charmer. Indeed he laid out more money upon clothes than his habits of economy would otherwise have permitted, merely to render his person attractive in the eyes of Molly. Thus he endeavored to make a favorable impression upon her heart, but on the subject of love it was a [illegible] ice. He looked, and blushed, and sighed, but said not a word upon the theme which he most wished to speak upon.

At length, however, his resolution was screwed to the sticking point, and one Sunday evening in the month of May beheld Joshua tying his bay filly to a hook at one corner of Deacon Gray's house.—Molly was looking out of the window at the time; whether in expectation of a spark, or merely to enjoy the beauties of the spring, history saith not—but as soon as she saw Mr. Ploughshare ride up, she modestly withdrew behind the curtain.

As soon as Joshua had pulled down the legs of his unmentionables, which, sooth to say, had slipped very considerably for want of straps, he tapped at the door, but so timidly, that his heart beat nearly as loudly as his hand.

"Walk in!" said the deacon in a loud voice, in order to drown the noise of the dog, who like many other unmannerly curs, always received strangers with a bark.

Notwithstanding, however, the deacon spoke loud, Joshua did not hear him, and was obliged to knock again.

"Walk in!" replied the deacon, louder than before, but just at that instant in addition to the barking of the dog, the geese set up a most obstreperous cackling, and Joshua, nearly discouraged, was fain to knock a third time; when the Deacon, having kicked the dog under the table, opened the door, and welcomed in the young man.

"The pesky dog and the geese," said he, "make such a racket, there's no hearing one's self speak. I hope you are well, Mr. Ploughshare? Set a chair Molly, and take Mr. Ploughshare's hat—do. I hope your folks is all well, Mr. Ploughshare—that pesky dog, he's getting so saucy I must kill him."

"Oh, don't kill him, pa," said Molly, with a scornful look at her lover, "he never barks at genteel people."

"Genteel people, you rude chit, you!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray; "but don't you mind what she says, Mr. Ploughsheer—she's a spoilt thing—though she is my child. But la, she don't mean any thing by it."

"I don't know whether she means any thing by it, or not," said Joshua, after turning as many colors as the honest brown of his face would allow—"but one thing I know, if that dog was mine, he'd have a dreadful sore head afore he was 24 hours older. I would'nt keep no animal to bark at my friends, not I."

The young man was very cordially received by the old folks, who, after chatting upon a variety of subjects—such as the last sermon, the last marriage, the last death, and all and singular news of the town—and after treating him to some fine pippins, which had been well kept through the winter, and also to some boiled cider, which the deacon had tapped on purpose, retired to rest much earlier than usual, but pleading as an excuse to morrow was Monday, and that it was necessary for them to retire earlier in order to rise betimes for the business of the week.

This was as kind and considerate on the part of the old folks as need be. But true love is always diffident, & Joshua's heart beat like a trip hammer before he could muster courage to speak.

'Hark!' said Molly, looking saucily at him—'don't you hear a partridge drumming?'

'Pshaw! exclaimed Joshua, making a desperate effort, and all at once, planting his chair close beside that of his charmer; 'what a deuced fool I am to be such a coward—I believe in my soul love has taken away my wits.'

'Your wits!' said the girl, snatching away the hand which he had ventured to take—'you never had any wits, or else you would'nt have come here to-night.'

'Oh, don't be scornful,' said the young man, 'you don't know how much I love you.'

'No, nor I don't want to know,' retorted the girl—'keep away your filthy hands!'

'Filthy!' exclaimed Joshua, respectfully; 'there's where you are mistaken Miss Molly. My hands are as clean as soap and water could make them—though perhaps they aint quite so white as——,'

"White!" interrupted the scornful lass; "why they're as brown as an Ingen's, and as hard as a piece of horn: It must be a gentleman's hand that touches mine."

"Well, if that's your look out," returned the lover, rising and taking his hat, "you may have your gentleman's hand for all me. My hands are of a good honest color; and if you are ashamed of them, I am not—and so good night to you, Molly Gray."

"Good night, and joy go with you," said the girl, as she closed the door and bolted it after him.

Her next lover was a respectable black smith some twenty-five years of age, who had already accumulated a handsome sum of money, and was doing a good business in the way of his trade. Many a lass would have been glad to get him; but passing by all others, he fixed his eye upon the proud Molly Gray. He paid her a special visit—he put the question—he solicited her hand. But it was all in vain.

"Faugh!" said she, "how black your paws are! I'd as soon marry a barrel of charcoal as a man of your trade. No, Mr. Anvil, you're not the man for me.—You'll never catch me going to church with a blacksmith."

"Indeed! Miss Molly," returned the rejected lover, as he planted his hat firmly on his head and beat it down with his hand—"you may go further and fare worse."

"That's my look out," retorted the girl.

Her third suitor was a shoemaker.—He also was an industrious young man of good character, and doing a thriving business. But he was not the man for Molly Gray. She called him Mr. Wax, declared she was not to be strapped to the side of any man of his cloth; and wondered how he could be such an awl-sufficient fool as to think of coming there to court her.

In short—not to make a long story—the scornful Miss Molly rejected sundry other respectable lovers of her own degree, while she was waiting for a high offer. But she waited in vain; the higher offer never came. At the age of twenty-five, beginning to fear that she might overstand her market, she humbled her pride so much as to resolve on accepting a farmer, if she could get one. But no farmer came to woo. Joshua Ploughshare had long since got married, and other young farmers had heard too much of the scornful Molly to think of troubling her with a similar suit.

At the age of 26 she concluded to accept of a blacksmith, a shoemaker, or any other respectable mechanic who might chance to court her. But Mr. Anvil too had long since been married, and the young man whom she stigmatised by the name of Wax, had succeeded in softening the heart of a more susceptible lass, so that he was married in a month afterwards. As to those of her rejected suitors who were still unmarried, they had no objection whatever to see her wait.

"Ah," said they, "it's good enough for her. The scornful Miss Molly, who refused so many of the most respectable farmers and mechanics, will be glad to take up with a tinker byand by."

So said every body. And they prophecied right. Molly remained unmarried until the latter part of the 29th year, when to escape the opprobrium of being an old maid, she resolved on marrying the first man who would offer. This happened to be a travelling tinker, who stopped to mend her mother's brass kettle, and with whom she succeeded in striking up a bargain. He was not only a tinker, but he was a very Turk in the article of matrimony—having as many wives as there were states in the Union. Poor Molly! she died in less than six months of shame and disappointment.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A writer in the Foreign Quarterly Review relates the following anecdote of the plague:—"In the village of Careggi, whether it were that due precautions had not been taken, or that the disease was of a peculiarly malignant nature, one after another, first the young and then the old, of a whole family dropped off. A woman who lived on the opposite side of the way, the wife of a laborer, the mother of two little boys, felt herself attacked by fever in the night; in the morning it greatly increased, and in the evening the fatal tumor appeared. This was during the absence of her husband, who went to work at a distance, and only returned on Saturday night, bringing home the scanty means of subsistence for his family for the week. Terrified by the example of the neighboring family, moved by the fondest love for her children, and determined not to communicate the disease to them, she formed the heroic resolution of leaving her home, and going elsewhere to die. Having locked them into a room, and sacrificed to their safety even the last and sole comfort of a parting embrace, she ran down stairs, carrying with her the sheets and coverlet that she might leave no means of contagion. She then shut the door, with a sigh, and went away.—But the eldest, hearing the door shut, went to the window, and seeing her running in that manner, cried out, "Good by, mother," in a voice so tender that she involuntarily stopped. "Good by mother," repeated the youngest child, stretching its little head out of the window. And thus was the poor afflicted mother compelled, for a time, to endure the dreadful conflict between the yearnings which called her back, and the pity and solicitude which urged her on. At length, the latter conquered; and, amid a flood of tears, and the farewells of her children, who knew not the fatal cause and import of those tears, she reached the house of those who were to bury her. She recommended her husband and children to them, and in two days she was no more."

A gentleman with his wife and some children being on a journey, stopped recently at a tavern, not more than a hundred miles from the north part of Plymouth, and desired that a dinner might be provided for the party. 'What will you have?' inquired the hostess. 'Why, a roast goose with accompaniments,' said the traveller, 'would not be amiss.' 'We have no such delicacy,' said mine hostess, 'but if your honor could take up with poor folks' fare.'—'Well, any thing,' said the gentleman, 'have you venison, beef, veal, mutton, or bacon?' 'No, we have nothing of that sort.' 'Well, *what* have you got, for mercy's sake tell me; I'm almost starved.' 'Well,' replied the lady, 'I dont know that we have any thing in the house just at this time—but if your honor could stop—we are going to bake to-morrow!'

Modesty.—Cobbett has written a letter recommending his son John M. Cobbett, to represent the city of Coventry in Parliament—"not, (as he says,) because he is his son—but because he thinks him more fit than any one else in assisting him to do good to the country."

From the Correspondent of the Portland Daily Advertiser.

THINGS IN NEW ORLEANS.

A walk among the Graves.—This afternoon, (April 23d,) I walked under a hot sun,—the day was as warm as our 4th of July—among the tombs and the graves in the Catholic burying ground. I strolled into a Catholic chapel near by. The priests in the Church were engaged in mumeries over a dead body. Colored persons sat there or kneeled there with wax tapers in their hands. A sexton with a cross or a spear, and a military band over his shoulders, stood back of the cross and the coffin. Two priests and a little boy were making loud noises in Latin and in French, and one was sprinkling the coffin with incense and holy water.—The hearse was at the door. The coffin was soon brought out. The priests preceded the hearse. Men and women with veils, or bare headed, some under an umbrella, and some without, followed the hearse on foot to the grave-yard.

I went into the grave-yard with the procession, and saw each and all cross themselves as they went by the crucifix. The grave-yard is large—very large covering perhaps five or ten acres, it may be more, it may be less—I cannot measure across with my eye. What a spectacle is there! The hurried image is yet in my mind. I cannot drive it from my imagination.—The tombs were all above ground. Those who can afford it, will never be buried under ground. The tombs are, chiefly, or all, of brick, some plastered over, some not. They are from two and a half to three feet high—and there is a little oven hole, or front door, into which the body is put. Some of the tombs in this, the Catholic burying-ground, are elegant and well walled over. The weeping willow overshadowed a few, but a very few. A few flower pots were on the summits of some. Others had little palings for a guard—and many had inscriptions.

This grave-yard is all a dead level, and in rainy days inundated with water. It is a morass, a swamp partly rescued from a wilderness. I followed the procession to the grave. The coffin was taken from the hearse. The priests re-acted their services. Some jargon was said. A boy in a scarf and a robe brandished the cross. Holy water and incense were again thrown over the coffin. The priests ceased and turned on their heels. The hearse galloped off, and the procession dispersed.

I now watched the process of interment. The body was that of a colored person, who had died of the cholera (which is not an epidemic now.) The mourners were fine looking mulattoes. They tarried to see the last of their friend. The grave was not two feet and a half deep. I measured it for curiosity. The bottom was soft mud into which I could thrust a stick almost any depth. The water was within a foot of the top of the grave. The clods of earth around it were all clay—such earth as would be dug from a bog.—The coffin was put into the grave, and it floated so as to be level with its surface.

A negro, a fiend-like looking brute with his pantaloons above his knees, all covered with the clay in which he had been working,—without hat, without coat or a whole shirt,—but with a hoe and a spade, mounted the *top of the coffin, and* trampled it under the water, and then a brother-looking being threw the heavy clods on. The mourning women also threw on a clod or two, then kneeling round the grave, devoutly crossed themselves, dropt a tear or two as for the last time they bid adieu to a form they once valued,—and walked home alone.

I then looked around among the graves. A hole here, and holes there were all ready for the next comers,—some six feet long or more, some three or four feet long. The water was in all the graves. The ground beneath our feet was like that of a swamp, the surface of which the sun had incrusted. I tumbled over broken coffins, pieces of which were piled in little heaps, and pieces of which were placed as stakes to mark the spot of the last buried. The very earth gave way under my feet.—The vegetation was that of a swamp.—The rank weeds flourished roughly over many a dead body. Old sticks, old poles, such as our gardeners stick peas with, while sides of coffins were put up as grave stones. What a spectacle. I tell you the plain truth in unexaggerated words.

Wandering yet further to the border of the yard, I approached what appeared like ovens—and so they are called. They look exceedingly like the oven doors in our kitchens. They were six or seven feet deep, six or seven feet high, and there were three tiers; that is, three bodies could be laid above the same spot of earth one above the other—"an oven" being assigned for each. The doors of these ovens when filled are bricked and plastered over. On some of these there were inscriptions—on marble perhaps.—Many of these ovens were open mouthed, warning visitors of their fate, and almost, as it were, inviting them to enter. I hurried sickening from the spectacle. Far from the earth, pestilence seemed to be issuing. In many places the odours were insufferable.

This morning (April 24,) I rose with the sun—so as to escape its burning rays, not to be risked without danger for a long time, by a person not acclimated; and curiosity again drew me to another grave-yard. Curiosity is an impulse I cannot resist. It gets the better even of cowardice and all the disgust which haunted me after yesterday's stroll. I went to the Protestant, the American burying ground. The tombs there are all above ground, but not any where as neat as I saw in the French grave-yard. It is a more shameful affair than even the scene I have described before. The tombs are badly covered. The ovens are badly plastered.—There is little like neatness, propriety or even decency. The whole is shameful—and the Americans here would not tolerate it; if they made this their abiding place, and not the place to alight and make money in. But no man calculates on dying here—and if he does, so far from friends, it matters not much to him [illegible] his body is laid.

Graves ready dug are here also kept for sale. An oven can be had for sixty or seventy dollars. A tomb must cost a large sum. The graves were all full of water. The earth we walked over sunk under our feet. More pieces of coffins are seen here than in the Catholic yard. [illegible] much of the trenches or pits in which the [illegible] were [illegible]. Language cannot, if it were proper to array words in the description, portray the facts as they happened to be at that alarming season. A friend tells me, the worst accounts but have [illegible] the terror of those times. He himself saw bodies, without coffins, piled in masses around those pits. The draymen raced off full gallop to the yard, so brisk was their business—and then boasted their profits.

Two of these pits were filled with victims,—and dirt was thrown over them.—The earth was moist and with a stick I sounded the ditches. My stick was pushed down with ease. I know not how far it could have been driven. The exhalations from these ditches were insupportable. I turned from it to catch a breath of purer air. The third ditch was filled only with water. Thank God, there was no call for it. I hurried from this scene, from this wilderness of the dead, once more to the busy populous parts of the city. The drays were now rolling by me. All was animation, cheerfulness, & business. My Hotel was full of the gay, the courteous, and the happy, calculating on life many years yet, and large masses of wealth. I lost only a breakfast from this stride among the tombs, gratifying a curiosity I have no wish to indulge again. The spectacle is too revolting. It is not solemn, impressive and awful there, as in ordinary grave yards. Oh no, one even laughs or grins a ghastly smile, and despises his own frail tenement, destined to such corruption and insignificance, and yet having the audacity to be proud and ambitious! Death loses its terrors in such a grave yard, and life its objects, and allurements,—for what is there worth living for,—an oven,—a hole of clay and dirty water! "Bury your dead with decency. Have a fitting grave yard,"—if I had the power, I would emblazon these words on every lamp post in New Orleans. B.

'Thou sleepest, but we shall not forget thee.'

"To have a lost friend by death, while your mutual regard was warm and unchilled, while the tear can drop, unembittered by any painful recollection of coldness or distrust or treachery, is perhaps an escape from a more heavy dispensation. Look round you! how few do you see grow old in the affections of those with whom their early friendships were formed! our sources of common pleasure gradually dry up as we journey on through the vale of Bacha, and we hew out to ourselves other reservoirs, from which the first companions of our pilgrimage are excluded; jealousies, rivalries, envy, intervene to separate others from our side, until none remain but those who are connected with us rather by habit than by predilection."—*Antiquary.*

A Mermaid.—Some few years ago, the captain of a Boston East Indiaman, having disposed of his cargo, invested ten thousand dollars in a very remarkable mermaid. The mermaid was taken to England, and attracted no small number of spectators, who were highly gratified at beholding in sober prose a creature which before had only been seen in poetry. The proceeding, however, was not according to the wishes of the owners, and they caused a process to be commenced for the purpose of bringing the property within their own control. But no sooner had the sheriff taken possession of the property, than its value vanished.—The imaginary mermaid proved to be an ingeniously manufactured head, fastened to the tail of a seal. The publication of the story spoiled all the mermaids of that day.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

Ugliness.—It is curious to observe that an ugly face is generally the indication of a humorous and witty mind; it suggests innumerable exhilarating witticisms in the wearer himself, and it is the cause of wit to others. There is scarcely a merry, shrewd, witty fellow, [illegible] of ugliness attributed to him. Æsop was a very ugly little hunchback; uglier still was Socrates, no less a man of wit and a man of honor than a philosopher. The heroes of Rabelais were famous for personal deformity. Sancho Panza, his master and Rosinante, were, in their several conditions, absolutely patterns of this interesting qualification. Hudibras and Ralpho, were still more conspicuously ugly, Falstaff, Bardolph, Ancient Pistol and almost every character of wit and humor in the dramas of Shakespear, were eminently ugly. Scarron, the favorite wit of France, was the most deformed little creature a lovely woman ever allowed herself to be coupled to.

SNAKE STORY.

Messrs. M[illegible] & Andrus:—If you should think the circumstance I am about to [illegible] sufficiently curious to deserve a place in your paper, it is at your service. On Saturday afternoon, I was engaged with two of my sons and a hired man, Reuben Havens, in clearing a small piece [illegible] summer crop. Havens cut down a dry stump of a tree about 25 feet high; as it was falling, I perceived a striped snake [illegible] crossing a stone about [illegible] from the foot of the tree. The [illegible] fell on the snake, and owing to its being a little flat on the lower side, or to the shape of the stone the snake was cut in three pieces as smooth as it could have been done with a knife, the middle part remained mashed under the tree. If it had not been witnessed by four of us, and I had not the evidence of the fact to prove it, I would not dare to tell what followed. The part of the snake which had the head on, in about two minutes crawled under the tree to the tail end, which had worked itself to about a foot from the stone in apparent agony. The head part immediately took the other part into its mouth, and fairly carried it under the stone, which was flat and about three feet over. All this was so singular, that I had the curiosity to make one of the boys watch the stone until we quit work at night. About three hours afterwards, when we chopped up the tree and with a handspike lifted the stone, we found the snake with the two cut ends joined together and able to attempt making his escape—we however caught it. The cut was not entirely healed, but we carried it home, and I now have it well and sound in a box for any body to see, at my house, about a mile from the village. The cut is entirely healed, and leaves a ring round the snake; and what is curious, the ends of the streaks on the two parts do not match.

MATHEW SEELY.

Ithica, New-York, April 30, 1833.

John Jay.—"I have long been convinced that human fame was a bubble, which, whether swelled by the breath of the wise, the good, the ignorant, or malicious, must burst with the globe we inhabit. I am not one of the number who give it a place among the motives of their action. Neither courting nor dreading the public opinion, on the one hand, nor disregarding it on the other, I joined myself to the first assertors of the American cause, because I thought it my duty; and because I considered caution and neutrality, however secure, as being no less than wrong than dishonorable."

In this brief extract from one of his own writings—a history of his Spanish Mission,—we have an epitome of the character of John Jay. Such as it was, when he first joined himself, in 1774, to the American cause, such it continued to be till, in 1829, at the advanced age of 84 years, death put his final seal upon a lofty and unblemished career.

Paddy's Idea of Steering by the Compass.—"Can't you steer?" said the captain. "The divil a better hand at the tiller in all Kinsale," said Barney, with his usual brag. "Well, so far so good," said the captain. "And you know the points of the compass: you have a compass, I suppose?" "A compass! by my sowl it's not alone a compass, but a pair o' compasses I have, that my brother, the carpinther, left me for a keepsake when he wint abroad—but, indeed, as for the points o' them I can't say much, for the childer spylt them entirely, boorin' holes in the floors."—*Lover's Barny O'Reirdon the Navigator.*

One of the most distinguished botanists of Europe has calculated, that since the discovery of the New World, 2,345 varieties of American trees and plants, about 1,700 from the Cape of Good Hope, together with several others brought from China, the East Indies, different parts of Africa, Asia, and the continent of Europe, have swelled to the number of 120,000, the list of cultivated plants with which the temperate zone of Europe is enriched at the expense of other portions of the globe.

National Song.—The people of [illegible] Russia have the greatest propensity to singing, especially while travelling. No sooner are postilions mounted for a journey, than they begin to hum airs which they often continued for hours without intermission; at other times, holding a musical sort of dialogue, and chanting as it were their common conversation. The soldiers sing during a whole march, the public houses re-echo with their songs; and in a still evening the air vibrates with the songs of surrounding villagers.

Weeds.—Every farmer should make it a principle of duty to eradicate every useless weed, not only from the injury he may sustain, but from regard to his neighbor and the public. A few seeds from his field may be carried by the wind into those of his careless neighbor, and thus eventually a whole neighborhood become infested.

DEATH OF JOHN RANDOLPH, OF ROANOKE.

PHILADELPHIA, May 25.

John Randolph of Roanoke is no more. He died yesterday, about 12 o'clock, at the City Hotel. The excitement in Chesnut street, when the melancholy fact became known, can be imagined—not described.

Thus has departed at the advanced age of sixty-one years, one of the most extraordinary men that perhaps ever appeared in the world. Whatever feelings, whatever eulogies, whatever hostilities, and whatever prejudices may have existed towards him when living, they are all buried in the same grave in which his ashes will be consigned to that long repose.—The generation that survives and all that follow will only remember his excellencies, for he had many—his virtues, and they were not few—his unrivalled genius—his unequalled eloquence—his wit, that never beamed but in the most brilliant light—and his learning, that irradiated his whole converse, society, and intercourse. He was a statesman—a philosopher—a philanthropist—not of the day—not for party—but for mankind—for after ages. It is a remarkable coincidence that his soul sped and take flight in the same city in which he made his political *debut* in the councils of his country.

Mr. Randolph became a member of the House of Representatives about the time when Mr. Jefferson came into power.—He was then a young man, but his appearance was even more juvenile than his years. It is related of him that on being questioned by the speaker of his age, he replied in his peculiar tone "Sixty, by constituents." He had been, while a young man, a warm partizan at the Virginia Court Houses and hustings, and we remember to have heard him once give an account of his visit to Poughkeepsie, to hear the debates in the Convention of N. York, called together to deliberate on accepting the constitution of 1787.—

Mr. Randolph took the republican side of the question on his appearance in Congress. He at once attained a high rank as a debater, and was appointed Chairman to the most important committee of the House—the committee of ways and means. He continued in this position for several years, and gave great evidence of talent & originality; but occasionally showed an eccentricity that gradually cooled the admiration and friendship of Mr. Jefferson.

Mr. Randolph was, we believe, one of the managers who conducted the proceedings in relation to Burr—but we forget at this moment the exact complexion of his participation.

It was during the second presidency of Mr. Jefferson, that Mr. Randolph withdrew his support from the patriot's administration. Of this event he was in the habit of saying, "when Mr. Jefferson made war on my tobacco, I made war on him." He opposed the non-intercourse and embargo laws; and took the same exceptions to those measures which New England did.

It has been, however, said, that the cause of his opposition to Mr. Jefferson's administration, was the refusal of a mission to France. Mr. Randolph told Mr. Jefferson one day, "My health, sir, requires a voyage to Europe—can't you give a passport to France?" Mr. Jefferson did not, or would not, understand the hint thus delicately conveyed. No mission was forthcoming—Mr. Randolph's health did not require a sea voyage—and he then took the opposition ground distinctly and openly.

During the whole of Mr. Madison's administration, and part of Mr. Monroe's, Mr. Randolph continued in opposition to the administration. His speeches are partly on record—but their spirit and beauty no pen can record. He was warmly opposed to the late war, and made many eloquent bursts against that popular measure.

On the chartering of the present United States Bank, he made a speech of great originality in hostility to all banks. His favorite expression was that the Constitution was a "hard money constitution"—but Congress was making it "a paper money constitution."

His last appearance in Congress was during the sessions of 1828-29. The first session, previous to the election of General Jackson, he used to speak every other day. We heard him on almost every occasion; and although he was always erratic, he was always fascinating—sometimes eloquent—never without point—and occasionally beautiful, and severe to an extreme degree.

Mr. Randolph's *beau ideal* of country was old Virginia,—"good old Virginia"—his patriotism was the love of the hills, the streams, the rivers, the vales, and the blue mountains of his loved Virginia.—He has done more to make the "Old Dominion" the idol, the pride, the whole world to Virginians, than all their other public men put together. Virginia was to him a sentiment—a feeling—a passion—a mistress—a lover—all that he cared for, and all that he valued in life. Horses, society, foreign travel and adventure occasionally called forth his attention and his resources—but all these occupations were merely interludes to the great drama of Virginian ascendancy, which perpetually haunted his imagination, and sometimes reached his heart. There was no man that could wield the popular enthusiasm of the "old dominion" with the wizard power that John Randolph could.—He was indeed capricious as a lover, and so was his mistress—but on great emergencies they were always found locked in each other's arms. His influence over his immediate constituents was unbounded. "Do you intend to come to Congress again?" asked a gentleman of his immediate predecessor, Judge Bouldin. 'I can't tell—it depends whether Mr. Randolph wants to run or not."

But we must close this brief sketch of the character of John Randolph; a man that, "take him for all in all," we shall not look upon his like again, during the present century. He belongs not to the useful class of leading spirits. His region was mind—imagination—ornament—eloquence. His intercourse in private society was as fascinating as his public speaking. He was, however, taciturn and loquacious by fits and starts. A full and accurate history of his life and character would make one of the most fascinating books that ever appeared on this side of the Atlantic.

We understand that his remains will be sent back to his loved Virginia, there to repose among the ashes of his forefathers. The Hon. John S. Barbour, of Virginia, attended him in his dying moments, and took measures to have those melancholy rites performed which the sad event called forth. The Hon. L. W. Tazewell, is, we believe, also here, or was here a day or two. A couple of hours before his death, he talked and said he felt as well as usual—his health had, in fact recovered. He wrote to Virginia for the pedigree of a horse. It was but the last flickering flame blazing up for a moment only to be succeeded by a long and lasting night in this world. "I am going," said he to a gentleman of this city the other day, "I am going to England—'tis the last throw of the die." He was right in one respect—it was the last throw of the die—but it was a throw into eternity—not to England. We have all to travel the same journey, and make the same throw.—With John Randolph dies the wizard power that wielded the political imagination of Virginia.

Mr. Randolph arrived in Philadelphia in an extreme state of debility; and from the expressions which frequently dropped from him, it is thought that he knew the real state of his health. After his arrival he continued to sink. The lamp of life flickered in the socket; and even the strength of occasional flashes only informed those, aware of his condition, of the approach of his death. He preserved the singular power and brilliancy of his intellect to a very late hour. The evening before his death the physician informed him, with a laudable frankness, of his approaching departure; and was gratified to find the awful communication received without surprise, and without disappointment. He spoke of his life as a protracted illness; and expressed a conviction that it was well the scene of suffering should close.—*Intelligencer.*

The Philadelphia Pennsylvanian states, the property left by Mr. *Randolph* to his heirs, is immense, probably amounting nearly to a *million of dollars*, in tobacco plantations on the Roanoke, negroes, race horses, dogs, bank stock, &c. &c. It is all left to his half sister and two half brothers, whose names are Tucker. His plantation on the Roanoke is one of the finest in that country.

John Randolph was born on the 2nd June, 1773—he was, therefore, at the time of his death, 59 years 11 months and 21 days old. His coffin bore the date of his birth day.

The New-Orleans Courier of the 8th, gives us the subjoined letter from General Lafayette.

Extract of a letter from General Lafayette to a gentleman of this city, dated Feb. 1833.

'I thank you for your letters, they are more and more necessary to me. The anxiety that I experienced on account of our unfortunate American dissentions, is beyond any thing that I can express.—This last news seems to point to an amicable settlement. It must not be believed that the glory of each party consists in the triumph of its opinions. It is quite the contrary. The friends of America will rejoice when they see both parties animated by a spirit of conciliation. It is in this point of view that the patriots of Europe consider this business. They would wish to contrast the internal policy of the United States with the violent measures, for instance, that the British Ministry have lately proposed in Parliament with regard to Ireland.

'They would wish to be able to say—'See now the difference between the political system of the United States, and that of the European Governments, even of those who pretend to act upon principles of liberalism!' This view of the subject is of great importance, and ought to strike our citizens of all parties and of all opinions. It is right that there should be a diversity of sentiment, respecting the *State Rights* on the one hand, and the powers of the national government on the other; this is necessary for the maintenance and preservation of the constitution. But the thing must not be carried too far on either side. My anxiety, I may say my *anguish*, will not be at an end until I know that all is amicably settled. The spirit of mutual concession that will produce such a result will be honorable in the eyes of all the friends of liberty in Europe.'

SUICIDE.

The Boston Medical Magazine for May, on the authority of Andral's Lectures, furnishes some curious facts relating to this subject. He states, that of 6782 suicides in the record of the Police of Paris for a period of several years, there were occasioned by general bad conduct and misery, 2192; gambling 155; domestic chagrin 728; disappointed love 254, of which 157 were females; jealousy 92; remorse for misdeeds 49; reverse of fortune 322. The great majority of cases were between the ages of 20 and after 60 they were very rare. In France, men commit suicide in proportion of three to one female. In some countries, however, this is reversed. About two of three suicides were unmarried.

The rapid increase of the suicidal mania in certain places, at certain times, has been often observed. At Berlin, in Prussia, during the seventeen years following 1758, there was but one suicide in 1800 deaths. In the twelve years following 1787, there was one in 900; in the twelve years from 1779, one in 600; after which the practice became for a period so singularly prevalent, that in Berlin alone, the deaths by self-murder were one per cent. of the total mortality.

The crime is not uncommon among Indians, although he who commits it is generally looked upon as a deranged man.—A modern historian mentions four cases which occurred among his acquaintance. Two of them were married, and two single; and the latter, says our authority, were "disappointed in love." They all poisoned themselves with the May-apple.

When the Small-pox prevailed among the Cherokees in 1758—brought into Charleston, S. C. by a foreign vessel, and thence conveyed to the Indian country in bales of goods—to such an extent as to reduce the population of the tribe one-half in a year's time, numbers of the sick killed themselves daily. They desperately rushed, in their sullen madness, into the fire, and there slowly burned to death, with as little apparent emotion as if they had naturally no sensibility to pain. Others cut their throats or stabbed themselves with knives and sharp pointed canes.

The most extraordinary instance of this description occurred in the case of a celebrated warrior, who had recovered from the disease, but found himself so much disfigured as to be ashamed to live.

His relations perceived his desperate design, and endeavored to prevent its execution by watching him narrowly, and taking every sharp instrument from him. Finding himself thus thwarted, he fretted exceedingly and said very harsh things of his friends, until he bethought himself of darting against the wall with all his remaining strength. Exhausted but not otherwise injured much by this violence, he threw himself on his bed, as if to refresh himself, and his friends left him. As soon as he found himself again alone, he arose, and after a tedious search, meeting with nothing but a thick *hoe-helve*, he seized it eagerly, fixed one end of it in the ground, and then repeatedly threw himself on it; till he forced it down his throat, when he immediately expired."

Such was the suicide of the Cherokee Chief. If, as some suppose, there be any thing *honorable* in the commission of this crime, he certainly deserved more credit than the Roman Cato, for he took far more pains to accomplish his object; and no philosophy had ever taught the savage even, that

"'Tis *nobler* in the mind to bear
The slings & arrows of outrageous fortune."

The case of James Wright, of Columbia, in Pennsylvania, against the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Company, in the Circuit Court of the U. S. for Maryland District, for the infringement of a patent right, the trial of which has occupied the Court for the last three weeks and upwards, was decided this morning in favor of the Plaintiff, by the Jury rendering a verdict for $2100 damages, which on motion of the Plaintiff's counsel, was trebled by the Court. An appeal was prayed on behalf of the Defendant to the Supreme Court.

The improvement claimed to be invented by Mr. Wright is "the combination of a cone on the edge (or face) of the wheels of the cars, with a vibratory motion of the axles, to cause the car to pass with equal facility on straight or curved roads."

This improvement has only been used on about one-sixth part of the whole number of Cars; and we understand that the use of it can be entirely dispensed with by the Company without any *real inconvenience or expense.* *Balt. Gaz.*

The last General Assembly of Virginia, passed an act appropriating the sum of $18,000 annually, for five years, to defray the expenses of transportation to Liberia, of such free colored persons in that commonwealth as may wish to emigrate to that colony. The amount of appropriation is to be distributed amongst the several counties, in proportion to the amount of revenue which they respectively pay into the public treasury.

The Fredericsburg "Arena" of Tuesday says that Mr. Rt. B. Randolph arrived in town the preceding morning from the North. "He had proceeded as far as New Castle, on his way to join his relation, Mr. Jno. Randolph, in whose company he was about to visit Europe, when the intelligence of the death of that gentleman reached him. The Marshal of the U. S. (his Deputy) having heard of his movements, left Washington to intercept him in his transit through Delaware. In company with the Attorney General of the State, he visited the Chief Justice at Wilmington and obtained a warrant.—He returned to New Castle the same night, and summoned a possee, intending next morning to arrest Mr. Randolph; but that gentleman being apprized of his intention, at an early hour left New Castle and arrived at French Town in time to take passage in the Steamboat for Baltimore, whence he proceeded in the Stage to Washington, the same evening. Of course he did not remain long in Washington."

INDIAN CUSTOMS.

The Philadelphia Commercial Herald, referring to the brilliant Aurora Borealis recently seen in that city, says—

We remember, in 1821, that precisely such a stream of light appeared. We were on the Fox River of Lake Michigan, and were ascending that river with a war party, composed of U. States' troops and Indians. The Indians numbered about one hundred. Immediately on appearance of this light, (not the Aurora Borealis, for they were accustomed to that, but an emanation from it, such as we saw on Friday last,) the Indians made a halt. They interpreted it into a sign of anger in the Great Spirit: and as indicating his disapprobation of the business they were going on. It was in vain that we represented our views of this light.

They answered, "It lies across our path, and we cannot pass over it, it is above," meaning it was placed there by the Great Spirit. Had this stream of light happened to be in the direction of our march, it would have been interpreted differently.

Fortunately one of the Indians espied a rattlesnake. The appearance of a rattlesnake, in an emergency of the sort, is considered an omen for good. They believed the snake to have been sent by their friends from the land of souls. After much pow-wowing over the reptile, and sprinkling a present of tobacco over his head, which was designed as a token of friendship, the Indian who had discovered him, and whose property he therefore was, ran his finger and thumb up his back, and catching him fast by the neck, raised him from the ground, gave him a crack, as if he held a whip in his hand—thus dislocating the vertebræ of the back.—Then with a stick the work of his destruction was completed. The Indian was careful to send back, by the snake, certain messages to his friends in the land of souls, and many thanks for their having sent them to him in their emergency.

The snake was soon skinned, and cut up into inch pieces—each of the warriors taking a bit for his medicine bag, whilst the snake's skin was made to ornament the person of his discoverer. Its head was tied to a lock of the Indian's hair, the rattles trailing upon the ground, a foot at least behind his feet, who wore this badge of hope and of triumph.

The rattlesnake had served only to diminish, not clear away their doubts.—The Indians moved ahead with reluctance. It was of the utmost importance that all this superstition should be got rid of, somehow—as we knew not the moment when we should have use in fight for the services of all concerned.

It so happened that shortly after another Indian espied a bear in a trap. This broke the spell of their fears. Such luck was immediately resolved into a most encouraging circumstance, and as plainly demonstrating that their friends, from the land of souls, were in favor of their going ahead, and of the cause they had engaged in. The bear was talked to. He was told, over and over again, how grateful it was to meet him—what troubles they were in—how kind their friends were to send him. Then getting his rifle ready, the Indian having first discovered him, said to the bear "*Bruin*—it's not the Indian but the white man. The Indian loves Bruin. The white man makes him die. When you go back, Bruin, tell all this, and don't forget to thank our friends for sending you." Then taking aim, he fired. The bear fell with a growl—and was soon skinned, cut up, boiled, and eaten.

We then went on without further difficulty, until the object of our march was accomplished.

A bill has been passed by the Legislature of Connecticut, which repeals so much of the existing statutes, as prohibits "all servile labor and vain recreation," on fast and thanksgiving days. It was strongly opposed by several members who contended for the 'faith of their ancestors,' but carried by a vote of 116 to 62.

Narrow Escape.—We learn that on Monday last, during the freshet, while W. Gilleland, Esq. and daughter were standing in his saw-mill, on Little Salmon river, viewing the 'movement of the waters,' the dam gave way, and so suddenly swept the mill from its foundation, as to preclude the possibility of their reaching the shore, and were, with the mill-dam, logs, flood-wood, &c. precipitated down the stream—the mill keeping erect until it came in contact with the bridge, when it fell, and with the accumulated mass was borne into the lake, a distance of more than an hundred rods. A boat was immediately despatched, and it is with great satisfaction we add, Mr. G. and daughter were rescued from their perilous situation, having received but slight corporeal injury. *Keesville Argus.*

Safe Guessing.—A real Yankee, who never intended to err in *guessing*, being inquired of by his neighbor as he was passing a farm yard, how much a certain ox would weigh, that stood near, answered, 'Well, I don't know entirely, I guess he'll weigh 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 hundred, somewhere along there, no great difference from that any way.'

AMERICAN PART OF NEW ORLEANS.

Another part of the city is quite American. It seems like a northern city—and the people like northern people. There are the Yankees, the money-making Yankees, all motion, all attention, all for business. One thinks he is in New-York or Boston,—for the men about here have not the sallow color of the South, but the bright faces of New England. Their peculiarities in conversation are Yankee peculiarities. Their ideas are Yankee ideas. Their enterprise, daring, and planning, is that of the north. In truth, the chief part of this population is north of New Jersey—and here we have a northern city, if not in the heart of the South, yet near the mouth of the Mississippi, commanding the trade of the West, and drawing with great force that of the South.

THE YANKEES EVERY WHERE.

In truth, where are not the Yankees? Lask not where *they are*, for who can answer that question? I find them every where,—in every nook and corner where I go, there preserving their identity, their attachment and love to the land of their birth, and gazing, with an eye of pride, on its institutions and its fame. Not a man from New England, no matter how long he may have been from home, whose heart does not throb quicker at the mention of her name,—who does not welcome a traveller from them as his brother, and talk with exultation of the days of his childhood. "Her schools, her churches, her glory, her enterprise, her courage, are topics in which his soul expands,—and even the dull tongue, and the cold heart, quickens and warms, when his fancy carries him to the hills and vales of his own New England." Where are not the Yankees? I find them in the cities and wilds of Carolina and Georgia. I see them on the sea board from Norfolk to Savannah. I find them on the rivers and prairies of Alabama.

They crowd her principal port. They push into her interior, and are her traders, her physicians, and her lawyers. I find them here, their ships crowding the port, their merchants pushing their operations to the wilds of Texas, to the borders of Arkansas, and then far up the Missouri, the Illinois, and the Wabash—to say nothing of the Mississippi, the Tennessee, and Ohio. In short, they are every where, where a living is to be earned, a dollar to be won, a daring plan to be attempted; nothing daunts them; nothing appals them, neither sickness, nor disease, nor pestilence, nor dangerous report. The Mississippi is no barrier, nor the Red River, nor the Arkansas, nor warlike tribes of Indians, nor the Rocky Mountains. They are overleaping all. The distant Oregon only bounds their ambition, where Yankee adventurers at this moment are moving.

MISSISSIPPI BOATING.

Not only are French and Yankees to be seen here, (in New Orleans,) but there are Spaniards. The French themselves make three parties, the European French, the French from the Islands, and the Creoles, native born citizens, as white by the way as any of the French, notwithstanding the contrary impression. Then there are the boatmen, constituting yet another people, coming from where no one knows—a people unlike any which we meet at home, courageous, daring, profane, rough hewn, and but partly civilized, using the knife as well as the fist in their conflicts, living on the water, cooking on the levee, and sleeping, it may be, with or without a blanket, on the stray cotton bags that perchance lie on the banks of the Mississippi. They are a people who in general know no fear, but little law, and less religion. They swarm the banks of the river—their boats crowd the shore. They make their homes there with their dogs, and seem as happy as any people in the world.

Portland Advertiser.

Latest from Europe.

The packet ship Poland, at N. York, from Havre, brings Paris papers to the 17th April. We are indebted to the New York Journals for the annexed items of intelligence:—

In Germany, it is stated, under date of Frankfort, April 9, that a great number of arrests are going forward on account of late commotions. The local prisons are said to be full, and the persons seized are now transported to different provinces of the empire, though the authorities of Frankfort, where the offence against the laws was committed, claim the right of trying the culprits. There was a rumor at Paris that a general insurrection had broken out in the middle of Germany, but particular letters state that no new occurrence had happened since the affair of the 3d.

It is stated from Rouen, that the number of German emigrants who have lately passed through that city, for the purpose of embarking at Havre for the U. States, is much more considerable than they have been during former years: they are said to be about a thousand. It is also remarked, that there is a striking difference in the apparent character and condition of the emigrants; those that are now about to leave for the United States are of the better class, and some of them are of the liberal professions. They are generally from Bavaria, and political considerations have induced their removal.

It was reported at Paris on the 14th of April, that serious troubles had broken out in the electorate of Hesse Cassel, and that the French Minister had determined to quit that capital. It was further said, but with less confidence, that an insurrection had broken out in the Grand Duchy of Baden, and that a portion of the troops employed against the insurgents had deserted.

At the close of the session of the Chamber of Deputies on the 14th of April, Gen. Lafayette, accompanied by many of the members, waited upon M. de Broglie, to intercede for 423 Poles who had left the place assigned them, and who had by their departure brought themselves under the rigor of the ordinances of the Government. The General spoke with great energy in their justification, and explained their motives. M. de Broglie is said to have promised to use his influence to mitigate the penalties they had incurred.

The London Globe announces that it is the intention of the Irish Government to enforce the provisions of the Suppression bill, as well against the conservative party as against the agitators.

It would seem that there is again a good deal of agitation prevailing among the people of Paris, and that the government has adopted extraordinary measures to guard against an expected insurrection.

All the Poles who had fled to France at the time of the Polish insurrection, and who were very numerous, had, on receiving intelligence of the troubles at Frankfort, secretly quitted the different towns assigned to them as places of residence, and marched to the frontiers of Germany. Their object does not appear to be fully known; it is supposed, however, they expected the movement in Frankfort would have been attended with more serious consequences, and thus have afforded them an opportunity to take a part in it.

In the Levant, matters are assuming a serious character. Our extracts will show the position taken by the Pasha of Egypt, which assuredly does not indicate a pacific disposition on his part.

TURKEY.

Vienna, 6th April.—According to letters from Alexandria to 13 March, received by the way of Trieste, it appears undoubted that Mehemed Ali has rejected the conditions of peace offered by Admiral Roussin and guarantied by the latter at Constantinople. It is said that the condition that he should deliver up his vessels to the Ottoman Porte, has particularly irritated the Pacha; it is added that he caused a second squadron to sail immediately from Alexandria and gave orders to Ibrahim again to advance. On this news the Sultan had again declared the Pacha and his sons rebels, and the Russian fleet had quitted the Bosphorus.—Some persons have been too hasty in flattering themselves with the hope that the Russian fleet would immediately effect a junction with a French squadron and sail to Alexandria to compel the Pacha to sign a peace.

Paris, April 15.—The refusal of Mehemet Ali to comply with the injunctions of Admiral Roussin, is already known.—The Globe publishes the reply of the Pacha. This document, if authentic, as we have reason to believe it is, is very curious. The Viceroy expresses himself with a firmness which does honor to his character. He replies to the humiliating conditions which it was sought to impose upon him, and declares that he had rather perish with glory, than reign with infamy. There is no more than one sovereign in Europe who could not honestly use such language. The Pacha does not believe, however, that France and England can desire his abasement.

The suggestion is not without political point. Another remarkable thing about this letter, is the passage where he states that nothing but his own forbearance prevents his rousing all Asia Minor and Roumelia to arms. This is not a vain menace. He has only to utter that sentiment, which will find a response in the heart of every Mussulman. *The Sultan is a Muscovite!* Since the arrival of a Russian Squadron in the Bosphorus, Mehemet has a still better pretext for summoning the whole population to revolt.

The following is an exact translation of the letter contained in the Globe:

Monsieur Ambassador: I have received your despatch dated 22d February, which has been sent me by your first Aid-de-camp.

In that despatch, you represent that I have no right to demand any other territories than those of St. Jean d'Acre, Jerusalem, Naplouse, and Tripoli in Syria, and consequently that I ought to withdraw my army immediately. You declare that in case of refusal so to do, I may bring upon myself the most serious consequences. Your Aid-de-camp, agreeably to the instructions you have given him, adds verbally, that if I persist in my pretensions, a combined French and English fleet will present itself on the coast of Egypt.

Let me ask, Monsieur Ambassador, by virtue of what right you demand of me such a sacrifice?

I have the whole nation in my interest; it is perfectly in my power to arouse Roumelia and Anatolia to rebellion; with the aid of my nation, I can even do it with advantage. Victorious at every point, and when public sentiment already promised me the whole of Syria, I delayed the march of my troops solely to prevent the unnecessary effusion of blood, as well as to afford me an opportunity to consult the dispositions of European policy; and as a reward for this moderation, and the numerous sacrifices made by my nation, whose generous support has put me in a condition of achieving so signal victories, I am required immediately to abandon the country which I now occupy, and to withdraw my army to a small province which you call a Pachalic. Is not this pronouncing against me a sentence of political death?

In the mean time, I have confidence that France and England will do me justice, and recognize my rights: it is at once their honor and interest to do so. But if unfortunately I should be disappointed in this hope, I will then cast myself upon the will of God, and preferring a glorious death to infamy, I will cheerfully sacrifice myself for the good of my nation, ambitious of serving it even to my latest breath. Such is my fixed resolution; and history affords more than one example of similar devotion.

Whatever may happen, I hope that your government will recognize the justice of my rights, and urge the acceptance of the last propositions made by me to Halil Pacha, through the mediation of your Excellency.

It is with this hope, Monsieur Ambassador, that I write you this friendly communication, and transmit it through the hands of your Aid-de-Camp.

(Signed,) MEHEMET ALI,
Pacha of Egypt.

Alexandria, 8th March 1833.

Preparations are making to rebuild Fort Delaware, by razing the old walls, the whole of which are to be taken down, and a new foundation made. Fort Delaware, it will be remembered, was destroyed by fire in 1831.

A drunken man was run over by three unloaded wagons, a few nights since near Easton, & escaped without a broken bone

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The population of Newark (N. J.) has increased 4,000 within the last 3 years.—It is now about 15,000.

THE ADAMS SENTINEL.

GETTYSBURG, Pa. JUNE 3, 1833.

☞The report of the death of Mr. *John Paxton*, (formerly of this county,) by drowning, at York Haven, on the 15th ult. has been fully confirmed. His body was found on the 26th, at M'Call's Ferry, about 34 miles from the place in which he was drowned.

☞The Anti-Masonic paper lately published in Chambersburg, has been discontinued, for want of patronage. We have received the first number of a new paper, published in that town, by Mr. J. Pritts, entitled the "Weekly Transcript." Its appearance is highly respectable: as to the politics of the day, it declares neutrality.

☞The Hon. *Daniel Webster* is now on tour, in which he expects to visit the whole Region of the West. His distinguished character will ensure him a marked reception wherever he goes. He is accompanied by his lady and daughters. The last place we hear of him, was at Albany—where, says the Evening Journal, "a large number of citizens paid their respects to this distinguished champion of the Supremacy of the Constitution."

☞The Board of Health at Wheeling, give notice, that from the 21st to the 24th ult. thirteen cases of Cholera occurred in that town—of which 2 died, 3 are doubtful, 7 are convalescent, and 1 has recovered.

☞The Liverpool Packet J. and H. Cummings, was wrecked off Long Island, on the 21st ult. The passengers were all saved but two, one of them an English woman named Hughes, the other a female from Ireland. The former has left a husband and two children. She had the whole of Mr. Hughes' property about her person, which consisted of 48 gold sovereigns and some Spanish dollars.

☞Part of the testimony given upon the trial of the Rev. Mr. Avery, has been published. From its complexion, we think the jury will acquit him, although there are some strong circumstances against him.

WASHINGTON, June 1.

The Sac & Fox Hostages.—We understand, that a report having been received from Gen. Clark, the Superintendant of Indian Affairs at St. Louis, in which he expresses the opinion, that the Sac prisoners may be restored to their friends without affecting the interests or safety of our citizens, and that their release would be peculiarly gratifying to the friendly Chiefs; and *Ke-o-kuk* and his associates themselves having solicited their discharge from confinement, and pledged themselves for their good conduct, preparations have been made for their return to their homes.

We learn that they (Black Hawk and Co.) will be conducted through the principal cities, with a view to exhibit to them the extent of the population and of the country, its wealth, resources, and means of defence, and to impress them with a conviction of its strength and power, which will be productive of lasting good consequences. They will probably leave Fortress Monroe early in the next week, proceed as far east as Boston, hence to Albany, Buffalo and Detroit. Their subsequent route will then be determined by the officer having them in charge.

The Hagerstown Press states that some black-hearted villain or villains entered the stable attached to the Globe Inn, in that place, a few nights since, and poisoned a team of four horses belonging to Messrs. Stockton and Stokes, mail contractors.

The Philadelphia Commercial Herald of Tuesday, relates the following characteristic anecdote of the late JOHN RANDOLPH:

"We spoke awhile ago of his extreme sensibility at the wrong pronunciation of a word. This was exemplified even in the agonies of death. Doctor Parrish (his physician) was reading to him, and pronounced the word Omnipotent with the stress on the *po*—omnipotent. 'Please,' said the dying man, 'pronounce that word Omnipotent.' The Doctor proceeded, & coming to the word again, pronounced it as before.—'Doctor,' said Mr. R., 'I will thank you to pronounce that word Omnipotent.' Soon afterwards, putting his hand to his forehead, he said, 'I have the sweat of death on me now;' and shortly afterwards he died."

The city of Frederick, in Maryland, is by a mistake of the legislature excluded from any vote for member of Congress.—It was struck from the list of towns which form one district, and in making [illegible] ther it was overlooked.

From the York Farmer.

Seal Engraving.—We have before us several impressions of seals, engraved by Mr. William Wagner of this place. One is a new seal for the office of the Surveyor General of Pennsylvania, executed in a style of elegance and neatness that we have never seen surpassed—doing honor alike to the excellence of Mr. Wagner's taste, and to his mechanical skill. The merits of the new seal become more conspicuous when it is compared with the old seal of the Surveyor General's department. In the latter we have a bird bearing a strong resemblance to a buzzard, surmounting the escutcheon—in the new one we recognize at once a finely engraved, highly finished and exactly proportioned American Eagle, its feathers appearing as though a breath of air would ruffle them. The other figures on the seal—the ship in full sail—the waves of the ocean—the plough—the sheaves of wheat—are all executed in a manner worthy of high commendation. Among other impressions before us, we have one which satisfies us that there is no branch of seal engraving in which our ingenious townsman cannot do himself credit. We allude to a very neat seal for a savings institution in one of our cities, the ornament of which is a head of Franklin. To preserve the *likeness* of heads engraved in *bassa* is no doubt one of the most difficult operations in the whole business of seal engraving. The head of Franklin in this seal bears a striking likeness to all the best prints and other representations of the great "master of forked lightning," that we have ever seen. Mr. Wagner is, we believe, self-taught—the eminence which he has attained in his art, is, consequently, the more honorable and meritorious.

[We enclose a few impressions to some of our exchanging brethren.]

[☞*We did not receive any.*—SENT.]

CARLISLE, May 30.

Dickinson College.—Under an arrangement made with the full consent of the present Board of Trustees of Dickinson College at Carlisle, Pa. the buildings, land, library, apparatus and other property of that institution, have been transferred to a joint committee of Baltimore and Philadelphia Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, acting in behalf of those bodies. This transfer has been made, from a laudable desire on the part of the present trustees, to place the College again in a flourishing situation, and with a belief and confidence that in the hands of the Methodist society, it may be made eminently serviceable in promoting the cause of education and literature generally. By the joint committee a new Board of Trustees, consisting of Methodist Ministers, Methodist Laymen, and gentlemen not members of the Society, in equal numbers, has been nominated, who will meet at Carlisle, to organize, on Thursday, the 6th of June.

Both committees also joined unanimously in the nomination of the Hon. John McLean, and Bishop Emory, as ex-officio members of the Board.

Arrangements will be immediately made by the new Board, for re-opening the College under the direction of able and experienced professors, on a basis which will insure the permanent usefulness of the institution.

Cape de Verds.—The Globe of Wednesday last gives a letter from the Charge d'Affaires of Portugal to the Secretary of State, accompanied by his translation of a letter from the governor of the Cape de Verd Islands, expressing his gratitude for the assistance afforded by the citizens of the United States to the suffering inhabitants of his government.

From the concluding paragraph of the Governor's letter, it appears that the evil is not yet removed. The inhabitants of these islands are still exposed to all the horrors of famine; and, having no hopes from their Mother Country, whose condition is scarcely less deplorable, they again cry to us for aid.

Horrors of Jacobinism.—Letters from Para (Brazil) inform us of another insurrection in that unfortunate and misgoverned country, Brazil, attended, as almost all such insurrections are and must be, where the great mass of the people are so ignorant, so idle, and so miserable in almost every respect upon which the exaltation of a nation depends, with terrific consequences. They know not, and it will be a long time before they are taught, the difference between licentiousness & liberty. We make the following extract from a letter received this morning. Our readers will perceive how much the people require firm and resolute government:

"On the 6th April, all business ceased; every mercantile house, as well as every dwelling house, was shut up, and many of the Portuguese and their families embarked on board the shipping in port.—Things remained in a dreadful state of suspense until the 18th, when an open rupture took place. The President caused arms to be distributed amongst the mob, mostly blacks and mulattoes, and 'Kill the Portuguese,' resounded through every street in Para.

"A scene of horrid slaughter ensued.—Men were hunted like wild beasts, and shot down with less regret. For two days the city presented a scene too shocking to behold—too barbarously brutal to be believed of a Christian people. When they had sacrificed all the Portuguese that were to be found, carts were sent round the city, and the dead bodies conveyed away, and tumbled promiscuously into a common grave."—*Bost. Trans.*

We perceive by the Connecticut papers that a man who had been ordered to be hung for murdering his father has had his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life, on the ground that some evidences of insanity appeared in his conduct. We should suppose that when a man stood charged with such a crime, proofs of insanity would almost naturally spring from an establishment of the fact that he did the deed laid to his door. When a certain crime was charged upon Maria Antoinette, she refused to plead to it before the Judges. I appeal said she to every mother who hears me whether I could be guilty of such an act.

At a recent revolt in the Connecticut State Prison one of the guards was killed and two of the prisoners engaged in the affair were tried for murder, found guilty and condemned to death. They have petitioned for a commutation. One of them after denying that he had any immediate hand in the death of the guard, and asserting that there never existed any design among the conspirators to take life, adds the following impassionate plea.

"Your petitioner, under his present sentence, stands on the verge of another world into which he must be hastened, prepared or unprepared. The loss of life, and the ignominy of losing it on the scaffold, are beyond the conception of any one not in my situation; but great as this is, it is nothing compared with the interests which lie beyond this execution. I pray for life—life in a dungeon, if it must be—for it, any where—but for life; for life, I beg for some melioration of my sentence, from those who alone can decide upon my fate—for some change of the awful judgment. Place me where you will—impose restraints and deprivations on me as you will—all this I must expect—and, in the judgment of my fellow-men deserve—but oh! spare my life, can my death be needed? May not the justice and majesty of the law be sustained by allowing me a lengthened life in a solitary cell? I offer to society all my days, and every consideration which endears life to my fellow men? May not this suffice? Life, life, spare me, this is the last prayer of a most wretched prisoner, and yet a human being.

WILLIAM TELLER.

Hartford, May 21, 1833."

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

By the Steam-boat from Philadelphia this morning, we have received the New-York papers of yesterday, which supply us dates from London to the 22d, and Liverpool to the 24th April, brought by the ship Napoleon. *Balt. Pat. June 1.*

These papers add little of authentic intelligence respecting the affairs of the East, although the accounts contained in them from Constantinople come down to the 30th ult; from Vienna to the 11th: and from Augsburg to the 16th inst. Reisched Bey, who arrived the 23d ult. in the Turkish capital from Alexandria, had set out for the head-quarters of Ibrahim, accompanied by M. de Varennes, Principal Secretary of the French Embassy, and would, it was hoped, be able to patch up a peace founded on the terms proposed by Mehemet Ali to the Porte through Halil-Pacha. On the other hand it was reported in Vienna, on the authority of letters from Trieste, that Mehemet Ali had himself sailed from Alexandria with his fleet, in order to co-operate with Ibrahim in an attack on Constantinople. The Russians are represented as advancing in various directions to the relief of the Porte.—These are the principal facts conveyed to us by the mass of journals now received.

It would appear that the Polish refugees, who lately so suddenly quitted France, had halted in Switzerland, with an intention to fix their residence in that country. Disgust at the manner in which they have been treated by the French government, is the reason now assigned for what appeared their extraordinary movement. Order had been pretty generally restored throughout Germany.—The late disturbances at Frankfort have, we find, been followed by an event which is deemed corroborative of the suspicion entertained, that these disorders had been produced by Austrian and Prussian agency, in order to furnish a pretext for intervention. On the 15th inst. a body of troops, amounting to 2000 men, of whom one half were Austrian and the other Prussian soldiers, entered Frankfort, some of whom remained in that city. The rest were cantoned in the adjoining territory of Hesse Darmstadt.

The internal affairs of France wear an appearance of tranquility almost incredible, at the close of a week in which the Government believed so fully that an attempt at revolution would be made, as to require that the garrison of the metropolis should be increased to 50,000 men. The republicans appear to have adopted the principal of negative resistance, and are said to have resolved not to move for some years, and to wait patiently the "march of events."

Although Ireland appears to be somewhat more tranquil than it has recently been, yet crimes of a desperate character are not of unfrequent occurrence. On the night of Good Friday, Mr. Brown, the steward of Sir T. Chapman, was fired at in the yard of the Castle in Dublin by three persons who made their escape.—An outrage was also committed recently at Kilkenny on the person of a soldier by a gang of ruffians who struck him a violent blow—saying 'there's martial law for you.'

The Whitefeet, it is confidently said, are leaving Ireland in great numbers for this country. The moment it became known that the county of Kilkenny was proclaimed, a considerable number of these miscreants fled to the adjoining seaports, in order to emigrate to the United States or Canada.

Appalling ravages of Cholera.—In one family in the parish of Kilmeen, in the county of Cork, and on the border of Kerry, nine persons of the family (that of a poor man, named Connor Flynn) died of the fatal malady in the short space of five [illegible] family, and a poor woman—in all eleven persons, were seized by the dire distemper, and hurried into eternity. So great was the terror and panic that prevailed in the neighborhood that no one could be found to assist in placing the dead bodies in their coffins, and all this melancholy and heart rending duty devolved upon an only surviving son of old Flynn, who had the afflicting task to perform of placing the mortal remains of a father and mother, two brothers, a widowed sister, and three sister's children, one a grown up lad, in their coffins, and carrying them to their graves. *Trades Post.*

Appointments by the President.

Louis McLane, of Delaware, to be Secretary of State in the place of *Edward Livingston*, appointed Min'r to France.

William J. Duane, of Pennsylvania, to be Secretary of the Treasury, in the place of *Louis McLane*, appointed Secretary of State.

Edward Livingston, late of Louisiana, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to the Court of his Majesty, the King of the French.

Thomas Pennant Barton, of Pennsylvania, to be Secretary of the Legation of the United States at Paris.

The changes in the Cabinet, which have been for some time expected, are at length officially announced. Mr. LIVINGSTON goes on an honorable mission to France, Mr. M'LANE succeeds him in the Department of State, and Mr. DUANE succeeds Mr. M'LANE in the Treasury Department.

We shall be sorry to part with Mr. LIVINGSTON, who, we believe, has with fidelity as well as ability discharged the duties, to the performance of which we entirely approved of his being called.—Mr. M'LANE, however, will, we trust and believe, pursue the same elevated course as his predecessor. He will at least, we are sure, find himself more at home in his present office than in his last. Of all the high offices in the Government, that of Secretary of State has the least necessary connexion with party politics, or with the scramble for official favors and privileges of any kind; for which enviable exemption we hope the new Secretary will be as grateful as we have no doubt his predecessor was. He enters the office with some advantages not enjoyed by either of his late predecessors, who had never been in the diplomatic service of the country, as Mr. M'LANE has. These advantages, it is to be presumed, will be used beneficially for the country.

As for the new Secretary of the Treasury, our favorable opinion of his personal qualities has been freely delivered.—We trust he may sustain as high a character in his untried public station. He makes such sacrifices, of interest and convenience, in accepting it, as we are sure he would not make but under an imperious sense of civic duty. Let us hope that, in the sequel, he may never have reason to regret having done so.—*Nat. Int.*

NEW ALBANY, Indiana, May 24.

A horrible scene of butchery occurred at a little town called North Hampton, in Harrison county, one day last week. A person by the name of Winters called at the house of a man named Utzler, whose wife was alone. Some altercation took place between them—a scuffle ensued, in the progress of which Winters stabbed Mrs. Utzler six or eight times. She at length broke from him and ran some distance, fell, and died without speaking.—The neighborhood becoming alarmed, several persons made their appearance on the ground, when Winters commenced a retreat. Several pursued, and Winters, finding escape impossible, drew a knife across his throat, and so cut it, that he expired immediately. Thus, a rash, inhuman act, has thrown four small children (one at the breast) upon the community, in the absence of their father; and their mother, as well as the perpetrator, into eternity.

VICKSBURG, (*Miss.*) May 10.

Died, in this place, of *Cholera*, on the 7th inst. Mr. Ruel A. Watson, merchant.

On the same day, also of Cholera, Jane, Emily, and Juliet, daughters of Dr. J. W. Hegeman. These three ladies were the only children of Dr. Hegeman, and on the evening of the same day one of them was to be married to the gentleman whose decease is likewise announced.

A little girl, daughter of Mr. Snyder, of Pendleton, Va. in 1828, was kidnapped from home, and every effort on the part of her relatives and friends proved unavailing, until within a few days past.—She was then found in the family of Col. John Hove, of Fairfax county, Va. at whose house she had been residing since 1829. About a year after her absence from home, the little girl was found by Col. Hove in the custody of a woman insane, who was going about the country soliciting alms. The woman could give no account of the girl's parentage. The change produced in the child during four years, was so great that the father did not, at first, identify her as his, but certain marks on her body soon proved the relation between them.

Susquehanna Trade.—The Liverpool (Pa.) Mercury states that on two days of week before last, more than seven hundred arks and rafts passed that place on the way to market.

Expense of living—oddities of Western Pennsylvania.—A travelling friend writes us, that stopping with a party of four at a village on the Monongahela, they were provided with a supper consisting of a huge loaf of bread, three apple pies of no very moderate dimensions, two pounds of butter, a two gallon jug [illegible] ples—besides dish, jug and tin cup, for the convenience of eating the remnants during their journey, for all of which the natives charged 37 cts.! With much patronage of this sort the village would soon become bankrupt.—*Winchester Rep.*

The Cholera has again disappeared at St. Louis.

Baltimore Prices Current—May 31.

Flour,	5 31	Corn,	63
Wheat (red)	1 20	Oats,	37
" (white)	1 30	Whiskey,	28
Rye,	70	Plaster,	4 25

MARRIED,

On Wednesday last, by the Rev. Mr. Myers, Mr. *Adam Hoke*, of Mercersburg, Franklin county, to Miss *Hannah Hoke*, of this borough.

On the 30th ult., by the Rev. F. Ruthruff, Mr. *Jacob Weickert*, to Miss *Elizabeth Sharer*—both of Taneytown.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. D. Gerwald, Mr. *Joseph Black*, of Baltimore county, Md. to Miss *Susannah Hoffman*, of Menallen township, Adams county.

On the 20th ult. by the Rev. Charles G. M'Lean, Mr. *James Haspilhorn*, to Miss *Mary Harner*—both of Emmitsburg, Md.

DIED,

On Tuesday night last, *Elizabeth*, an interesting daughter of Dr. David Gilbert, of this borough, aged 22 months.

On Friday last, Mrs. —— *Heagy*, wife of Mr. George Heagy, of Franklin township.

On the 7th ult. Mrs. *Elizabeth Boyer*, wife of Mr. Isaac Boyer, of Mummasburg.

On the 14th ult. Mrs. *Catharine Eckert*, widow of Mr. John Eckert, dec'd. of this county, in the 67th year of her age.

On the 19th ult. near Liberstown, *Jesse Stahr*, son of Mr. Jacob Stahr, dec'd, in the 11th year of her age.

COMMUNICATED.

On the 15th ult. in Frederick county, Md. Mrs. *Susanna Bankard*, consort of Mr. Jacob Bankard, formerly of this county, in the 52d year of her age, after a long and painful illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude, and resignation to the will of her Heavenly Father.—Possessing the greatest strength of mind until her last moments, she admonished her children and relatives at her bedside, to be composed, and prepare to meet her in the bosom of her Redeemer—in whom she expressed the greatest faith and confidence: and, calling on the name of the Lord Jesus to receive her soul, she instantly closed her eyes to this world, in hopes to meet her God, and dwell with him for ever.

The Vendue Notes

OF the subscriber, have been left in the hands of Mr. *M. C. Clarkson*, Gettysburg, with whom persons indebted are requested to call and settle. If not paid before the *first of July next*, they will be placed in the hands of an Officer for collection.

ROBERT TAYLOR.

June 3. 4t

A Journeyman

CARDER & SPINNER,

WANTED at the Middle-creek Factory, to whom immediate and constant employment will be given.

SAMUEL ARTHUR.

June 3. tf

Splendid Scheme!

One Prize of $20,000,

One of 8,000,

4,000, 3,000, 2,500, 1,780,

AND NO LESS THAN

FIFTY Prizes of $1,000!

UNION CANAL LOTTERY,

CLASS NO. 12,

To be drawn in Philadelphia, on

Saturday the 14th of June.

66 Number Lottery—10 drawn ballots.

SCHEME.

1	Prize of	20,000
1	"	8,000
1	"	4,000
1	"	3,000
1	"	2,500
1	"	1,780
50	"	1,000
64	"	200
56	"	100
112	"	50
112	"	20
2,240	"	19
15,400	"	8

Tickets, $8—Halves, $4;

Other Shares in proportion.

FOR SALE AT

CLARKSON'S.

June 3. td

Drawn Numbers in Class No. 11,

Not yet received.

Best Lancaster Glue,

For Sale at the Apothecary and Drug Store of

SAMUEL H. BUEHLER.

Gettysburg, May 20. tf

FRESH SUPPLY OF

Hard=Ware.

M. C. CLARKSON,

HAS just received from Philadelphia and Baltimore, a very handsome and complete assortment of

HARDWARE,

embracing almost every article in his line, which he is determined to offer to his Friends at a small profit.

☞He made, while in the City, a [illegible]

NAILS,

which he will sell for Cash, by the Keg, lower than they ever have been sold in Gettysburg: if they are not of the best quality when opened, to be returned.

Gettysburg, April 8. tf

☞Cash paid for Linen and Cotton Rags at this Printing Office.

BOOK STORE.

THE Subscriber has, in addition to his Apothecary and Drug Store, added a Large and General Assortment of

Classical, Theological, & Miscellaneous Books,

which, he flatters himself, he can sell on most reasonable terms. His Books consist, in part, of the following works:—

Gould's Adams' Latin Grammar,
Jacob's Latin Reader,
" Greek do.
Muir's Introduction,
Ainsworth's Diction'y
American 1st class Book,
Colburn's Sequel,
Woodbridge and Willard's Geo. & Atlas,
Adams' do.
Woodbridge's do.
Cummings' do.
Webster's Dictionary and Walker's,
Paley's Philosophy,
Hedge's Logic,
Greek Lexicon—Donegan's,
Fulton's Livii,
Gould's Virgil,
Cornelius Nepos,
Anthon's Sallust,
Classical Dictionary,
Colburn's Algebra,
Grummere's Surveying,
Gould's Horace,
Tytler's History,
Conversations on Chemistry, by Jones,
Graca Majora,
Virgil Delphini,
Cæsar "
Tacitus,
Cicero,
Titii Livii,
Playfair's Euclid,
Simpson's Euclid,
Roman Antiquities,
Eisk's Greek Exercises
Turner's Chemistry,
Hawney's Mensur'n,
Bonnycastle's do.
German and English Dictionary,
Gibson's Surveying,
Homer's Iliad,
Xenophon,
Lacroix's Algebra,
Buck's Theol. Dict'y,
Watson's Institutes,
Mosheim's Church H.
Murdock's do.
M'Clean's do.
Pilgrim's Progress,
Josephus' Works,
Scott's do.
Burns' do.
Grimshaw's & Scott's Napoleon,
Grimshaw's England, Rome, Un'd States, France & Greece,
Young's Night Tho'ts
Thompson's Seasons,
Paley's Theology Illustrated,
Say's Polit. Economy,
Cavello's Philosophy,
Fenning on Globes,
Lives of Henry Clay, B. Franklin, And'w Jackson, A. Clark, Washington, Patr'k Henry, & Scott,
1st & 2d Book of History for children,
Ironside's Grammar,
Goodrich's U. States,
Rollin's Anc. History,
Grocer's Guide,
Perkins' U. States,
Gray's Med'l Reign,
Allen's Mathematics,
Calculus,
Bowditch's Navigat'n
Vince's Fluxions,
Trigonometry,
Homer,
Blake's Astronomy,
Parker's Composition,
Kirkham's English Grammar,
Hooper's Med'l Dict'y
Cox's Dispensatory,
Gil Blas,
Classical Speaker,
Lardner's Cyclopedia, sold separate,
Life of a Sailor,
Swallow Barn,
Quinten Derward,
Ivenhoe,
Incognito,
Forsaken,
Bravo,
Village Sermons,
Æsop's Fables, English and Latin,
Venn's Sermons,
Everett's America,
Note on Columbia,
Buchan's Dom. Med.
Campbell's Poems,
Cowper's do.
Bunyan's Holy War,
Tales of a Grandfather, by Scott,
Tales of my Landlord,
Evening Tales,
Goldsmith's Nat. Hist.
Classical Reader,
Amer'n Farrier, German & English,
Blake's Nat. Philos.
Blair's Lectures,
Chalmer's Works,
Byron's do.
Bewick's on Birds and Beasts,
Dict'y of Quotations,
Family Monitor,
Erskine's Speeches,
Faber on the Spirit,
Jones' Church Hist.
Locke on the Understanding,
Plutarch's Lives,
H. Moore's Works,
Moral Science,
T. Moore's Works,
Saints' Rest,
Luther's Sermons,
Smith-wright's Guide,
Leigh Richmond,
Riley's Narrative,
Art of Flower Paint'g
Pocket Bibles & Testaments,
Reference Bibles,
Ladies' Class Books,
Christian Orator,
Mechanics' Compan'n
Varle's Self instructor
Universal Gazetteer,
Rise and Progress,
History of the Jews,
Scenes in America, Asia and Europe,
Frugal Housewife,
Locke's Essays,
Vocabulary Testam'n,
Small Geographies for Children,
Parley's Tales, of Europe, Asia, and America,
Clarke's Commentary
Scott's do.
Duncan's Lectures,
Taylor's Views of Trades,
Picture of Philadelp'a
Book of Martyrs,
Adams' Dictionary of Religion,
Irving's Columbus,
Harper's Works,
Simpson's Plea,
Renwick on Steam,
Aid to Prophecies,
Carey's Essays,
Brown's Body of Divinity,
Northern Region,
Power of Religion,
Keep Cool,
Univ'l Receipt Book,
History of Turkey,
Eli's 2d Journal,
Parley's Geography for Children,
Elements of Criticism
Tooke's Pantheon,
Rambler,
Sermons to Young Persons,
Bradbury on Baptism,
Romulus,
Mrs. Carey's Letters,
Heeren's Mod. Hist.
Duncan's Reply,
Maps of Pennsylvania
Ready Reckoner
David's Psalms, small
Speller and Definer,
Virt Rome,
Scott's Discourses,
Men and Manners,
Foster's Penmanship,
Humboldt's Travels,
American Preceptor,
View of Baltimore,
Mrs. Hemans' Poems,
Journal of a Nobleman
Indian Traits,
3 years in N. America
Expositors, by Mrs. Hugh,
Murray's Introduction to English Reader,
" Key to Grammar,
" English Reader,
" Grammar,
" Pronouncing English Reader,
New-York Reader,
Cobb's do. 1, 2, & 3,
American Instructor,
Critical Pronouncing Spelling Book,
Franklin do.
National do.
Webster's do.
Rhiming do.
Jesse's Arithmetic & Key,
Pike's do.
Introduction to Nat'l Spelling Book,
School Bibles & Testaments,
Polyglott Bibles,
Lutheran & Reformed Catechisms, English and German,
Watts' Psalms and Hymns,
Assembly's do.
Stork's Prayer Books, (German)
Lutheran Hymn Book do.
Reformed do. do.
Lutheran & Reformed do. do.

English and German Bibles and Testaments of every description, common and fancy binding; also,

LEDGERS, DAY BOOKS, & BLANK BOOKS, of every kind, & a general assortment of Primers and Toy Books for children; [illegible] Quills, Writing Sand, Paper of finest quality, Glass, Pocket, & all kinds of Inkstands, &c. &c.

SAMUEL H. BUEHLER.

Gettysburg, June 3. tf

N. B. Any work not herein mentioned, can be procured at the shortest notice—arrangements having been made with one of the most extensive Booksellers in the City.

S. H. B.

It is very probable that the following piece of poetry has found its way into our columns before to-day, but those who read it with a parent's eye, will be sure to find out a freshness that will give it daily relish. There is a cord in the breast of those who have children, which without sympathy none can reach; but when a father's or a mother's hand touches the string, there is a vibration, mournful perhaps, but pleasant, whose interest no circumstances can check, and whose pleasures no repetition cloy.—*U. S. Gaz.*

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

The feelings of a parent, regarding a child in dangerous sickness, are beautifully expressed in the following stanzas:—

Send down thy winged Angel, God!
 Amid this night so wild,
And bid him come where now we watch,
 And breathe upon our child.
She lies upon her pillow, pale,
 And moans within her sleep,
Or waketh with a patient smile,
 And striveth *not* to weep.

How gentle and how good a child
 She is we know too well,
And dearer to her parents' hearts
 Than our weak words can tell;
We love—we watch throughout the night,
 To aid, when need may be,
We hope—and have despaired at times,
 But *now* we turn to Thee!

From the Boston Post.

MISSIONARY MEETING.

We attended the meeting at Dr. Sharp's Church, last evening, and at an early hour found the ground floor and galleries of that capacious building densely occupied by the vast multitude of auditors. After prayer by Dr. S. addresses were made by Messrs. Wade and Sutton, giving, in a very interesting manner, an account of their own operations in the various Asiatic districts where missions are established. Brief addresses were afterwards made from the pulpit stairs by Shway Moung and Shathang, which were interpreted by Mr. Wade, to the effect that the countrymen of the speakers were in a miserable state of ignorance and wickedness; and while they were most grateful for the kindness of the Americans thus far—and they loved nobody in the world so much as the Americans—they implored the audience to remember the poor Burmans and Karens hereafter, and to bless them with the knowledge of the Gospel.

Their mingled modesty and earnestness were admirable; and their voices were well adapted to enforce their appeal.—Low and plaintively, but sweetly musical, they seemed to say:

Light on the Hindoo shed!
 On the maddening idol-train,
The flame of the suttee is dire and red,
 And the fakir faints with pain;
And the dying moan on their cheerless bed,
 By the Ganges laved in vain.

Light for the darkened earth!
 Ye blessed, its beams who shed,
Shrink not, till the day-spring hath its birth,
 Till, wherever the footstep of man doth tread,
Salvation's banner, spread broadly forth,
 Shall gild the dream of the cradle-bed,
  And clear the tomb
  From its lingering gloom,
 For the aged to rest his weary head.

Mr. Sutton said he had frequently witnessed the worship of the great idol Juggernauth, and had seen perhaps 200,000 persons around it at one time. Colonel Phipps, in his account of it published not long ago, says that there are 68 officers connected with the Juggernauth Temple. Within the sacred precincts are also 3,000 families, including 400 families of cooks to prepare holy food. The provisions furnished daily for the idol and his attendants, consist of 220 pounds of rice, 97 pounds of kullye (a pulse), 24 pounds of moung (a small grain), 188 pounds of clarified buffalo's butter, 80 pounds of molasses, 32 pounds of vegetables, 10 pounds of sour milk, 2½ pounds of spices, 2 pounds of sandal wood, some camphor, 20 pounds of salt, 4 rupees (10 shillings) worth of fire-wood; also 22 pounds of lamp oil for lamps at night. This holy food is presented to the idol three times a day.

A few days before the famous festival of Ruth Jutra, food is cooked within the building for at least 100,000 pilgrims.

Mr. Sutton exhibited a large gilded idol of the great Burmah God, Gaudama, which was taken by the British in the Rangoon war of 1826. A gentleman of this city, who was at that time connected with the East India House in London, has observed to us, that the Imperial Burmese Carriage of State was taken on the same occasion, and afterwards carried to England. He saw it in 1827. The precious stones upon it, alone, were estimated to be worth £16,000 sterling.

Inoculating Cheese.—What will the ingenuity of man not contrive? A method has been discovered of *inoculating cheese*; or, in other words, of transposing the character of an old cheese into a new one. This rather curious scheme is brought forward as a communication to the Agricultural Journal for March, by J. Robinson, Esq. Secretary of the Royal Society of Edinburg. "If it be required," says he, "to communicate to a new cheese the flavor and appearance of an old one, it may be done by the insertion in the new cheese of portions of the old one containing blue mould. The little scoop which is used in taking samples of cheese is a ready made means of performing the operation, by interchanging ten or a dozen of the rolls which it extracts, and placing them so as to disseminate the germ of the blue mould all over the cheese.—A new Stilton cheese treated in this way, and well covered over from the air for a few weeks, becomes thoroughly impregnated with the mould, and generally with a flavor hardly to be distinguished from the old one. I have sometimes treated half a Lancashire cheese in this way, and have left the other half in its natural state; and have been much amused with the remarks of my friends on the striking superiority of the English over the Scotch one." If this ingenious plan be found really successful on repeated trials by others, Mr. Robinson will deserve our thanks for bringing it forward. The next invention, we suppose, we shall hear of, will be that of inoculating legs of mutton, and turning them into beef!

FRESH DRUGS
AND
MEDICINES,
&c. &c. &c.

SAMUEL H. BUEHLER

HAS just returned from Baltimore, with a large assortment of

Fresh Drugs & Medicines,
Paints, & Dye-Stuffs,
GROCERIES, &C.

All of which are warranted of the best quality, and will be sold on as moderate terms as at any establishment in Gettysburg. He returns his thanks to the public for the very liberal encouragement he has received, and hopes their patronage may continue.

Gettysburg, May 27. tf

TEMPERANCE.

A meeting of the "Temperance Society of Gettysburg and its Vicinity," will be held at the Court-house on *Saturday Evening the 8th of June next*, at 7 o'clock—when several Addresses will be delivered, and important business transacted. The public generally are respectfully invited to attend.

The Secretary.

May 27. tm

2 good Journeymen
TAILORS,

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, BY

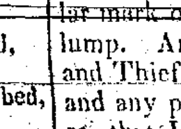
FAUST & SCHWARTZ.

Gettysburg, May 13. tf

30 Dollars Reward.

STOLEN

FROM the Stable of the Subscriber, in New-Chester, Straban township, Adams county, Pa. on the night of the 11th inst. a



young Bay Mare,

full 16 hands high, four years old, a real trotter, has a white spot on the left side of the jaw, and a particular mark on the left fore knee—a small lump. Any person taking up the Mare and Thief shall have the above Reward, and any person taking up the Mare alone, so that I get her again, shall have a reward of Fifteen Dollars.

JACOB MYERS.

May 13. tf

TURNPIKE ELECTION.

THE Stockholders in the *Gettysburg & Black's Tavern Turnpike Company*, will take notice, that an Election will be held at the Court-house in the borough of Gettysburg, on *Friday the 21st day of June next*, for the purpose of choosing One President, Six Managers, One Treasurer, and such other Officers as shall be deemed necessary to conduct the affairs of said Company for the ensuing year.

By order,
DAVID WILLS, *Sec'y.*

May 20. te

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to *JOHN M'GREW*, of Menallen township, Adams county, are requested *to make payment to the Subscriber*, on or before the *first day of June next*. All that neglect complying with this notice, their accounts will be put into the hands of C. F. KEENER, Esq. for recovery.

WM. M'GREW.

May 20. 3t

LAST NOTICE.

THE Books of the subscribers having been left with *George Kerr*, Esq. for collection, suits must be brought against those who neglect to settle their accounts, without respect to persons.

DANNER & ZIEGLER.

May 20. 3t

Famous Medicines,

So justly celebrated in all parts of the U. S. for many years past,

Prepared & sold, by the Sole Proprietor,
NOAH RIDGELY, BALTIMORE.

Lee's Famous Anti-Bilious Pills, for the prevention and cure of bilious fevers, &c.
Lee's Elixir, for violent colds, coughs, &c.
Lee's Infallible Ague and Fever Drops, warranted to cure.
Lee's Worm-destroying Lozenges.
Lee's Itch Ointment, warranted to cure by one application, (without mercury.)
Lee's Nervous Cordial, grand restorative for nervous disorders, inward weakness, &c.
Lee's Indian Vegetable Specific, for the venereal.
Lee's Persian Lotion, for tetters & eruptions.
Lee's Essence and Extract of Mustard, for the rheumatism, &c.
Lee's Eye Water. Lee's Tooth-Ache Drops.
Lee's Damask Lip Salve. Lee's Corn Plaster.
Lee's Anodyne Elixir, for the cure of headaches. Lee's Tooth Powder.

Country merchants, and all others who buy to sell again, can obtain them on such liberal terms as will ensure them a large profit.

☞CAUTION.—None are genuine without the maker's name to them, Noah Ridgely, late Michael Lee and Co.

☞Hundreds of cases of cures performed by the above truly valuable medicines, could be given, did our limits permit.

☞The above Famous Medicines are sold in Gettysburg, by SAM'L H. BUEHLER.

Jan. 8. eow6m

Spring and Summer Goods.

Thos. J. Cooper

RESPECTFULLY informs his Friends and the Public generally, that he has just received a

New & Cheap Assortment of GOODS,
CONSISTING OF
Dry Goods, Hardware,
Queensware and Groceries;
also, an assortment of
LUMBER:

all of which he is determined to sell at the *Lowest Prices*, for Cash, Country Produce, &c. He returns his sincere thanks for past encouragement, and hopes to have a continuance.

Gettysburg, May 13. 3t

New Store.

Miller & Witherow

RESPECTFULLY inform the Citizens of Gettysburg, and the Public generally, that they have OPENED STORE, in the room lately occupied by Danner & Ziegler, at the corner of Baltimore and Middle-streets; and have just received from Philadelphia and Baltimore,

A New & Handsome Assortment of
FRESH GOODS,
AS FOLLOWS:
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
China, Glass & Queensware,
&c. &c. &c.

which have been purchased on the most favorable terms for Cash—and will be sold at a very moderate profit. They invite the Public to call and examine their stock of Goods.

☞All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods.

Gettysburg, April 8. tf

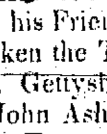
VALUABLE MEDICINES FOR COUGHS AND CONSUMPTIONS.

THIS Elixir is peculiarly adapted to the present prevailing disorders of the breast and lungs, leading to consumption. Common colds and coughs, which are occasioned by obstructed perspiration, will readily yield to its influence, removing those troublesome irritations, which act as a constant stimulant to coughing. It eases pain, and induces rest to an eminent degree. Persons afflicted with pulmonary complaints, bleeding of the lungs, &c. spasmodic asthma, palpitation of the heart, and consumptive affections, even in the most advanced periods of life, will find immediate relief, from its remarkable power of diminishing the irritability of the system, and the velocity of the circulation, and by cleansing & healing the disordered parts. It also affords immediate relief in the hooping cough.

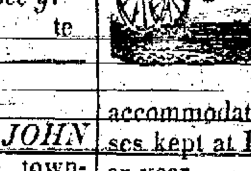
For sale by SAMUEL H. BUEHLER, Druggist, Gettysburg.

Feb. 18.

Cross-Keys Hotel.



THE Subscriber respectfully informs his Friends and the Public, that he has taken the TAVERN, in East York-street, Gettysburg, recently occupied by Mr. John Ash, and formerly by Philip Heagy, Esq. where every reasonable exertion will be made for the comfort of those who may honor him with their custom.

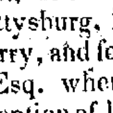


He has also Removed his
Livery Stable
TO THE TAVERN,
where HORSES and CARRIAGES will be kept for the accommodation of the Public. ☞Horses kept at Livery by the week, month, or year.

JOHN B. MARSH.

Gettysburg, Sept. 18. tf

Indian King Hotel.



THE undersigned respectfully announces to his Friends and the Public, that he has taken the above Establishment, situated in Chambersburg-street, Gettysburg, Pa. now occupied by Henry Forry, and formerly by Zephaniah Herbert, Esq. where he is now ready, for the reception of his *OLD CUSTOMERS, TRAVELLERS, &c.*

This House is large and commodious, and every exertion will be made to add to the comfort of his guests.

His BAR will always be furnished with the *CHOICEST LIQUORS*, and his Stables attended by the most careful Hostlers.

JACOB SANDERS.

Gettysburg, March 11. tf

WELL-DIGGING.

MOSES BUTLER,

TAKES this opportunity of informing the Citizens of Gettysburg, and the Public generally, that he will attend to the DIGGING OF WELLS in the Town, or in any part of the adjoining country, and will execute all he contracts for, in the best and most permanent manner. He has dug a great many in the country, and, in every instance, has given great satisfaction. He refers those persons who may wish to engage him for this purpose, to Gen. T. C. MILLER, or Mr. PHILIP WEAVER, of Gettysburg.

April 15. tf

SWAIM'S PANACEA,

FOR the cure of Scrofula or King's Evil, Syphilitic and Mercurial diseases, Rheumatism, Ulcerous Sores, White Swellings, Diseases of the Liver and Skin, general debility, &c. for sale at the Apothecary and Drug Store of

SAMUEL H. BUEHLER.

Gettysburg, May 20. tf

HATS! HATS!

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber returns his sincere thanks to his Friends and the Public, for the liberal encouragement he has received, and informs them that he has *REMOVED HIS SHOP* to Chambersburg-street, directly opposite the Indian King Tavern, now kept by Mr. Jacob Sanders, where he still continues to manufacture and sell all kinds of ***HATS,*** such as

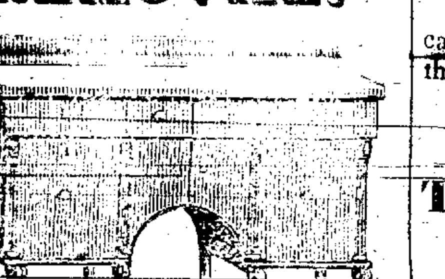
Beaver & Otter Hats, Castors and Rorams, Saxony & Spanish Bodies.

His prices are from $2 to $7. His Hats are substantial and good—also neat and fashionable. All hats that do not wear as warranted, will be reduced in price.—He invites the Public to call and judge for themselves.

WM. W. PAXTON.

Gettysburg, April 29. tf

REMOVAL.



THE Subscriber respectfully informs his Friends and the Public generally, that he has REMOVED HIS SHOP to the one formerly occupied by John N. Starr, near the Diamond, (entrance at the alley adjoining Mr. Gourley's Tavern) where he will carry on the

CABINET-MAKING,

in all its various branches, and will manufacture and keep on hand a General and Extensive Assortment of first-rate

FURNITURE,

which he will dispose of on as favorable terms as they can be procured at any establishment in the country. He invites those who desire articles in his line, to give him a call; assured that he can furnish them upon terms which will be satisfactory to them.

All kinds of LUMBER and COUNTRY PRODUCE will be taken in exchange for Work; for which the highest market price will be given.

☞He would also inform the Public, that he continues to make

COFFINS,

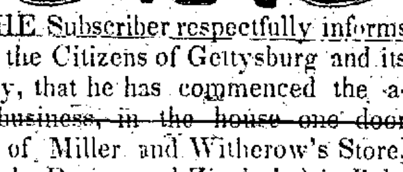
with neatness and despatch. He has also provided himself with a HEARSE for the conveyance of the Dead.

He hopes, from strict attention to business, to receive a liberal share of the public patronage.

L. SHARP.

Gettysburg, April 15. tf

Boot & Shoe Making.



THE Subscriber respectfully informs the Citizens of Gettysburg and its vicinity, that he has commenced the above business, in the house one door north of Miller and Witherow's Store, (formerly Danner and Ziegler's,) in Balt. street, where he is prepared to manufacture, to order, with the greatest promptitude, and on the most favorable terms,

ALL KINDS OF
Boots and Shoes,

of the best materials, and in the most fashionable manner. He respectfully solicits the patronage of the Public; and feels assured, that, from his attention to business, and punctuality in the performance of his promises, and the quality of his work, he will meet with that encouragement which is always given by the Citizens of Gettysburg to those who merit it by their conduct.

WILLIAM SIBB.

Gettysburg, April 8. 8t

REMOVAL.

THE Subscribers respectfully inform their Friends and the Public in general, that they have *REMOVED THEIR ESTABLISHMENT* to the house (in Baltimore-street) lately occupied as a Dwelling by Mr. Samuel Fahnestock, adjoining the residence of Andrew G. Miller, Esq. and nearly opposite Mr. James Gourley's Inn, where they are now prepared to carry on the

Tailoring Business,

as usual, in all its various branches.—They receive, quarterly, from Philadelphia, the latest and most approved Fashions for Garments, and also employ the best workmen; which enables them to cut and make up work in the most fashionable and substantial manner.

They will also keep on hand, and offer for sale, a good assortment of

READY-MADE CLOTHING

&c. of all kinds, all of which is made up by themselves, and warranted good.

Having just received a fresh supply of

SUMMER & WINTER
GOODS,

they respectfully invite the Public to call and examine them.

FAUST & SCHWARTZ.

Gettysburg, April 29. tf

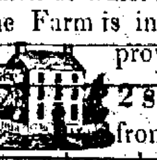
N. B. It is the opinion of many Citizens of Gettysburg and its vicinity, that the Subscribers do not take in work that is bought at other places; but we do respectfully inform them, that we take in all work that is entrusted to us; and if the work is not cut and made up to suit the Customers, it is kept, and other Goods equally good returned in its place.

A FARM FOR SALE,
Called "Fairfield."

THE Subscriber offers at Private Sale, his FARM, situate in Menallen township, Adams county, Pa., 7 miles from Gettysburg, on the road leading to Carlisle, containing

188 ACRES, more or less.

of Patented Land. About 35 Acres of good Meadow; about 40 Acres of excellent Timber; and the residue clear. A branch of water runs through the place. The Farm is in good order. The Improvements are a good



2 story Stone House,

fronting 59 feet, a good frame Barn, a large double Wagon Shed, with a Crib, a stone Smoke, Bake and Dry House, and other necessary Out-buildings, a well of first-rate water at the kitchen door, also a never-failing well before the house with a pump in it, and an excellent Orchard, of upwards of 300 bearing Fruit Trees; also, a variety of other Fruit Trees.

N. B. Persons wishing to purchase, can be shown the property, by calling on the subscriber, residing on the Farm.

L. L. HINSCH.

May 13. tf

Thrashing Machine.

THE Subscriber takes this method of informing his friends and the public, that he has purchased the right for Adams county, (with the exception of Straban and Menallen townships,) of *Rufus Humphrey's* Improvement in the THRASHING MACHINE, and is now exhibiting and offers them for sale, either by single rights, or townships. He is aware that many worthless patent rights have been sold to the industrious Pennsylvanians; but the subscriber, being a practical Farmer and a Pennsylvanian, is fully of opinion, that he is employed in the farming interest of this State while offering this machine, and all that is necessary to convince every man of that fact, is, the Machine in operation. It is no model, but of full size, and capable of thrashing 80 or 100 bushels of wheat per day, with the power of one horse—also rye, oats, &c. cleaner than grain is generally thrashed by hand or with horses; it leaves no white caps, and cleans much of the smut from the wheat.

The subscriber most respectfully solicits the public to view the Machine in operation, at the barn of *Michael Saltzgiver*, in Straban township.

PHILIP WEAVER

Gettysburg, Feb. 12. tf

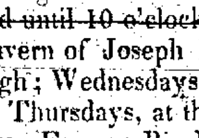
☞The Patent Rights for the counties of Dauphin, Lancaster, Berks, Montgomery, Bucks, Delaware, Chester, Lebanon, Northampton, Northumberland, Columbia, and Luzerne, have been already sold by the proprietor.

CERTIFICATE.

We, the undersigned, citizens of Adams county, certify, that we have seen the Patent Thrashing Machine, now in the hands of Philip Weaver, in operation, and are fully of opinion, that it is the cheapest and best we have ever seen, and we cheerfully recommend it to our fellow-citizens and the public generally, as well worthy their attention.

Jacob Fidler, George Gilbert,
Geo. Ginter, Conrad Weaver,
A. C. Smith, W. Minor Hurst,
Wm. Miller, Jacob Ziegler,
J. Sanders, David Ziegler,
T. C. Miller, George Bercaw.
Adam Mowry,

Feb. 12, 1833.



THE
Full-Blooded HORSE,
VETO,
(Belonging to Mr. Key, of Georgetown,)

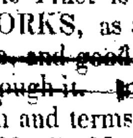
WILL be kept this season, commencing on the 1st of April, and ending on the 29th of June:—Mondays, and until 10 o'clock on Tuesdays, at the Tavern of Joseph Lyns, in Woodsborough; Wednesdays, and until 10 o'clock, on Thursdays, at the farm of Francis S. Key, Esq. on Big Pipe-Creek; and Fridays, and until 2 o'clock on Saturdays, at the Stable of Isaac Robinson, in Millerstown. For his Pedigree and other particulars, see Bills.

THOMAS CHANEY.

March 25. tf

VALUABLE
Virginia Lands
FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers to sell at Private Sale, on terms which will be an inducement to Capitalists, a Tract of



TIMBER-LAND,

situate in Hampshire County, Virginia, containing

2,000 ACRES.

This Tract is well calculated for IRON WORKS, as there is a quantity of Iron Ore, and good streams of water running through it. ☞For a particular description and terms, apply to the subscriber, at Mt. St. Mary's College, near Emmitsburg, Maryland.

F. B. JAMISON.

Nov. 20. tf

Miller's Horse Powder.

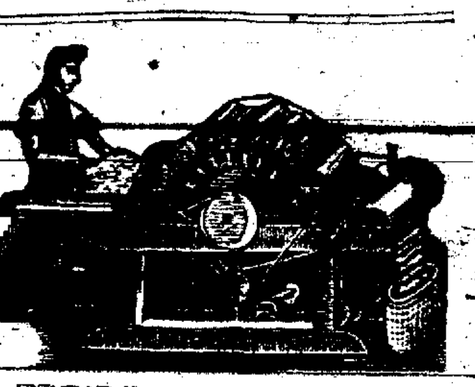
AN excellent remedy for Distempers, Founders, Yellow Water, &c. to which Horses are generally liable. It can be recommended particularly to form an appetite, and to loosen the skin.

For sale by
SAM'L. H. BUEHLER, *Druggist.*

April 15. tf

BLANKS,

Of all kinds, for Sale at this Office.



MIDDLE-CREEK
FACTORY.

THE Subscriber takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks for the liberal patronage he has received, and informs the Public, that he still continues at the well-known Establishment on Middle-Creek, 2 miles from Emmitsburg, owned by the Rev. D. Pfoutz, where he will, with the greatest promptness,

Card Wool into Rolls,
OR MANUFACTURE IT INTO
Cloths, Cassinetts, Blankets, and Flannels,

at prices to suit the times. As the Factory is in complete order, he assures all those who may favor him with their custom, that their work shall be done in the best manner.

☞For the accommodation of those who live at a distance, Wool and Cloth will be received, after the 10th of May, at the following places, viz.:

Myers' Mill, in Hamiltonban township,
Blythe's Store, in Millerstown,
David Eicker's Mill, on Middle-creek,
David Sheets' (of John) Store, on Marsh-creek,
Epley's Store, on Marsh-creek,
Christian Witmer's, on Tom's-creek,
Black's Mill, on Rock-creek,
Topper's, at the Two Taverns,
Lambert's (formerly Delaplane's) Tavern near Taney-Town,
Hebbard's Store, in Taney-Town,
Eline's Store, near Null's Mill,
Capt. Sluss's, Sell's Mill,
Spalding's Store, at Monocacy Bridge,
Baugher's Store, in Emmittsburg, &
Miller & Witherow's Store, in Gettysburg: where he will attend once in every two weeks to receive and deliver work.

N. B. It is requested of those who send Wool to the above places, to be particular to attach their names with written directions therewith, to prevent mistakes.

☞Price of Carding and Manufacturing, as low as at any Factory in the neigborhood.

SAMUEL ARTHUR.

April 22. tf

A Journeyman WEAVER

Wanted at the above Establishment, to whom immediate and constant employment will be given.

SHERIFFALTY.

Fellow-Citizens of Adams County:

DESIROUS of being elected your **SHERIFF,** for the ensuing three years, I respectfully offer myself to your consideration as a Candidate. Should I be so fortunate as to be elected, I will do the duties of the Office faithfully.

Your obedient servant,
MICHAEL C. CLARKSON.

March 11. te

To the Independent Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:

I offer myself to your consideration for the Office of

SHERIFF,

at the next General Election. Should I be elected, I pledge my honor to do the duties of that Office with fidelity and impartiality. Your's, very respectfully,

SAMUEL R. BAILEY.

March 11. te

SHERIFFALTY.

GENTLEMEN,

ALTHOUGH I have not had the honor of being heretofore considered by you, as a candidate for any considerable post of trust or profit, yet I am encouraged at this time, to come forward and solicit your suffrages at the ensuing Election for the Office of SHERIFF, for this County. Should I be so fortunate as to obtain it, none can be possessed of a firmer resolution to discharge the duties of that important trust with care, lenity and fidelity, than your faithful servant,

GEORGE W. M'CLELLAN.

April 1. te

To the Independent Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:

I offer myself to your consideration for the Office of

SHERIFF,

at the next General Election. Should I be elected, I pledge my honor to do the duties of that Office with fidelity and impartiality. Your's, very respectfully,

JAMES BELL, JR.

March 4. te

Fellow-Citizens of Adams County:

I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the office of

SHERIFF,

at the ensuing Election—and return my sincere thanks to you for favors already conferred on me.

JACOB SANDERS.

Feb. 25. te

COMET,

A Short-horn Durham Bull,

IS now at my Farm, one mile from Gettysburg. He is a full-blood, out of an Imported Cow.

WM. McCLELLAN.

March 18. tf